

OF "GOD'S PLOT" IN CATHOLIC FICTION

THE purpose of this as of two preceding articles, and of others which will shortly follow it, has been and is and will be to help the reader to derive more profit, as well as more real enjoyment of the right kind, from the works of our foremost present-day Catholic novelists than is to be had from a mere cursory perusal of an interesting story. Sundry learned scholars, Gervinus, Dowden, Moulton, Bradley, and who shall say how many more, have been at pains to analyse the plays of Shakespeare, and to point out beauties and harmonies, not of diction alone but more especially of construction, which but for their labours would undoubtedly have escaped the notice even of many a careful and observant student of the works of the great dramatist. And, in the light of these same Shakespearian studies, it has seemed to the present writer that the sort of books with which we are here concerned are in their own way not less worthy of analysis and appreciative criticism.

I have dealt already with the topics of "character" and of "the element of tragedy" in Catholic fiction. It now remains to speak of plot construction, plot interest, and what may perhaps be called plot significance. And at the outset something by way of a definition of terms would seem to be desirable.

A "story" may be defined as the narrative of an episode, incident, or event of some interest or importance, or of a series of such events or incidents having a certain unity. A story usually has one person for its central figure, or again the central position may be shared by two, the rest being more or less secondary or subsidiary. The mere multiplicity of *dramatis personæ* does not, however, of itself constitute a plot, somewhat as a more or less casual assemblage of people, *e.g.* in a railway station on a Bank Holiday, does not constitute a meeting or even a mob. It is of course impossible to draw hard and fast lines of distinction in such matters, but, roughly speaking, a story may fairly be said to have at least a rudimentary plot when a number of independent agents and circumstances concur,—especially if they concur

in some unlooked-for way—to bring about the event in which the whole action culminates. But, for the full realization of the true ideal of a "plot," it is necessary that other agents and circumstances should combine to prevent or hinder the ultimate result, which nevertheless comes to pass in spite of them. In this case the conflicting influences lead, by the very nature of the case, to more or less difficult or perplexing situations, and the eventual solution of the difficulties or perplexities constitutes the *dénouement* (or "untying") of the plot. A greater intricacy, and a more perfect complex unity, is attained when the actions of the subordinate agents are so interrelated among themselves as to form one or more secondary stories, and the more so by how much the secondary stories are more closely interwoven with the principal one and with one another. In other words, a good novel should resemble three-part or four-part music, rather than a mere melody with an accompaniment. And a further quality, analogous to that of a musical symphony, is discernible when the subordinate stories bear to the principal one (as is so often the case in Shakespeare) relations of parallelism or contrast, or of parallelism and contrast combined.

Now in all this, as the foregoing reference to Shakespeare sufficiently indicates, there is nothing distinctively Catholic or Christian. The most irreligious of writers may be a skilful artist in the department of plot-construction; and on the other hand many quite admirable Catholic novels may be said to have, from a purely literary point of view, no more than a very rudimentary plot. Such, indeed, are some of Mgr. Benson's "one-man" stories, for instance, *The Coward*, *None Other Gods*, *Initiation*, and *Loneliness*. To admit this no more implies depreciation of the works named than to say that a violin is not an organ implies contempt for the former instrument. Nevertheless it may be quite reasonably and confidently asserted that, if not in mere plot-construction at least in the matter of plot-interest and plot-significance, the Catholic writer holds—if he possesses the ability to avail himself of it—a position of distinct advantage as compared with his non-Catholic fellow novelist. How so, and why? The answer to this question is suggested by a sentence from Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *Great Possessions*. Mark Molyneux is smarting under a sense of ill-treatment at the hands alike of a variety of persons and of circumstances beyond his control.

One injury alone might have been different, but taken together they suggested a plot and intention. Whose plot? Whose intention?—And the answer was thundered and yet whispered through his consciousness. *It was God's plot*, God's Will, God's demand, that he should do the impossible and behave like a saint.¹

Here is the key to that "position of advantage" enjoyed by the Catholic novelist of which mention has just been made. It is because the end which he has in view as the true *dénouement* of every difficult situation is of an immeasurably higher order than the suitable marriage, or the reform of some social abuse, or the like, which is the Ultima Thule envisaged by the writer of a merely "secular" novel, and because the influences which make for that higher end, or impede its realization, are so immeasurably more subtle and varied than those of which merely "secular" fiction takes account, that the Catholic novelist has at his disposal more delicate and precious materials, materials susceptible of a finer polish, than those which are, as a rule, within the reach of his non-Catholic rival. "God's plot" for the salvation and sanctification of human souls involves interrelations far more intricate than those which arise out of the more narrowly limited aims of short-sighted humanity.

But it is time to illustrate these general remarks by some concrete instances. It has already been implied that the construction of an elaborate plot was not the department in which Mgr. Benson specially excelled. Yet even a "one-man" story like *Initiation* may serve to illustrate the assertion which has just been made about the subtlety of the influences that make for the realization of those Divine designs which it is the business of the Catholic novelist, as such, to shadow forth. The reader may remember how, during the Bessingtons' visit to Hartley after Enid's engagement to Sir Nevill Fanning, the comparative placidity of the lovers' characteristically futile conversation is abruptly disturbed by the news of Miss Morpeth's sudden death at their very gates. At first sight it might seem as though the incident, thrilling enough in itself, had no vital connection with the main story, and as though it had been introduced simply for the sake of relieving a threatened monotony. But that is very far from being the case. Although Miss Morpeth does not, in person, enter into the story at all, her death is part of "God's

¹ *Great Possessions*, pp. 352, 353. Italics mine.

plot" for Nevill's "initiation." For it is the death of his daughter which gives occasion to Mr. Morpeth's words, to be quoted presently; and it was the memory of these words which led Nevill Fanning to consult the old man—to his own very great spiritual profit—when he himself had been doomed, by the specialist's verdict, to an early death. Here is what Mr. Morpeth had said in response to Nevill's sincere and well-meant condolence:

Let me be quite plain. . . . It is far easier, and then we need not speak of it again. I believe very strongly indeed in God's Providence, and I see that sorrow and death are His usual instruments. It is natural that it should be so in this world, considering all circumstances. Very well, then, I am content. I am not likely to live very long, myself, anyhow. I came down here to get ready to die, and this will be a help to me, I think. Let us say no more about it. And may I beg of you to speak quite naturally to me of my daughter, at any time. She was a very good daughter to me indeed, and I love her very dearly. She was very thoughtful for me, always. And I am afraid I was not always so thoughtful for her. I was trying to make amends, when she died. However, she understands all about that now.¹

But as quite singularly excellent examples of the more elaborate plot, constructed on what may be called the Shakespearean model, I would instance Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *One Poor Scruple*, *The Light Behind*, and *Great Possessions*. With the second and third of these I may have occasion to deal on some future occasion. For my present purpose a brief study of *One Poor Scruple* may suffice; and what is to be here said about this book in particular may help the reader to appreciate the plot-interest and plot-significance of other Catholic works of fiction.

In *One Poor Scruple* the main theme is the temptation to enter upon an invalid and unhallowed marriage which besets Madge Riversdale, regarded as illustrating the helps afforded—directly and indirectly—by the Catholic Faith for the overcoming of such temptations. Herself a Catholic, and connected by marriage with an old Catholic family, Madge Riversdale is entirely out of sympathy with traditions which she regards as old-fashioned and hopelessly out of date. Possessing no adequate means for the gratification of her expensive tastes and social ambitions, she falls a somewhat easy victim to the attractions, social and financial rather than

¹ *Initiation*, p. 136.

personal, of Lord Bellasis, a middle-aged nobleman of doubtful morals but of unquestionable wealth, and a prominent figure in a certain section—not quite the most select—of London society. Bellasis had in youth contracted marriage with a South American beauty whose charms had quickly faded, and who had become insane through intemperance, and had been "interned" in an institution at Rio or Buenos Ayres. She was, as Madge was aware, still living; and although Bellasis professed to believe that she had no further claim upon him except that he should provide for her maintenance, Madge, of course, knew better. The progress, under various influences, of the temptation, and its final vanquishment, provides, of course, the main thread of the story. But with it are interwoven the story of Mary Riversdale and her vocation to the religious life, of Marmaduke and Hilda Riversdale, of Mark Fieldes and Hilda, and of Bellasis and Cecilia Rupert; with Mrs. Hurstmonceaux as general mischief-maker. So many years have elapsed since the publication of the book, that it may not be superfluous to remind the reader of the parts played in the drama by these various persons. Marmaduke, suitor for the hand of Hilda, is a cousin who has been asked to keep a friendly eye, and if possible a restraining hand, on Madge, during the London season. Hilda, in love with Marmaduke though temporarily smitten with Mark Fieldes, is another cousin whom Madge has invited to stay with her. Cecilia Rupert, sister of Lord Rupert, is one of those spoiled children of modern society who have either been brought up entirely without religion, or have quickly learned to cast off whatever smattering of religion they once had. Previously to the *début* of Madge Riversdale, Cecilia had stood easily first in the regard of Lord Bellasis, with whom she is as deeply in love as it is possible for so entirely selfish a creature to be. Mark Fieldes, who has somehow procured an introduction to the Riversdale family, is a gentleman of limited means, of unlimited vanity, and of emotional temperament, and is, moreover, a writer, in a very small way, of more or less decadent literature. And Mrs. Hurstmonceaux, who has outlived the age at which she might have intrigued on her own account, makes it her hateful business to act as an intermediary between Lord Bellasis and Madge.

That the several fortunes of these various persons are closely interwoven in the story has been already sufficiently

indicated. But more than this. The normal love affair of Marmaduke and Hilda serves as a foil to the very abnormal wooing of Madge by Bellasis. The feeble philandering of Mark Fieldes, who imagines Hilda to be an heiress, and the genuine though misguided love of Bellasis for Madge, find a poignant counterpart in the smouldering passion of Cecilia Rupert for the peer whom (regardless of impediments) she had hoped to marry. Again, the rivalry of Marmaduke and Fieldes for the affection of Hilda balances and offsets the rivalry of Madge and Cecilia for the hand of Lord Bellasis. And yet again, the heroism of Mary Riversdale, the expiatory victim to whose sacrifice Madge owes her salvation, is in sharp contrast to the selfish meanness of Mrs. Hurstmonceaux, who in sheer levity of spirit does her best to ruin the sorely tempted girl, and only succeeds in becoming the occasion of the suicide of Cecilia.

Of course this kind of—so to say—patterned complication is to be found in plenty of purely secular novels; and the foregoing analysis has been given as indicating that, in the matter of plot-construction, Mrs. Ward has no reason to fear comparison with any of her contemporaries. But the plot of *One Poor Scruple* owes its real and vital interest and significance to something better than mere "patterned complication." It is the spiritual forces which are at work throughout that really matter; and, indeed, but for their operation there would have been no plot at all, but an easy victory for temperament all round, with the usual unsavoury consequences. It is not merely the wealth and quasi-matrimonial prospects of Lord Bellasis, the hopes and expectations, sordid, sentimental, or passionate, of Madge and Fieldes and Cecilia, and the temporal welfare of Hilda, that lie in the balance, but the eternal interests of every one of the characters. That this is so in the case of Madge and of Mary, of Marmaduke and of Hilda, needs no proof at all. Each of them in his or her own way and degree has to go through a painful process of emancipation and illumination. And even Mark Fieldes becomes, in the end, if not a wholly reformed character, at least sobered and subdued, and more open to salutary influences. Mrs. Hurstmonceaux, too, and Lord Bellasis himself, receive a shock to their complacent worldliness which may fairly be accounted, for each of them, a Divine blessing, to whatever use they may have turned it or failed to turn it. But what of poor Cecilia? How can her

miserable suicide find a place in "God's plot" for the betterment (as has been said) of all the participants in this complex action? To this I would reply, first of all, that we have and can have no certainty as to the ultimate fate of "that poor mad creature," as old Lady Riversdale calls her; no certainty at all but that in her last moments some saving memory of her conversations with Hilda may have borne its fruit. And secondly, even on the assumption that she died at enmity with her Creator, who will venture to measure the guilt of her last act, or to shut out the possibility that by it she may at least have been saved from adding sin to sin through a long course of years? This much at least is true, that the suicide of Cecilia Rupert is in entire accordance with the intrinsic probabilities of the case, or in plainer words it is just what, human nature being what it is, might have been expected to happen; that it served the purpose of intensifying the remorse of Madge Riversdale for the sinful intention which she had all but carried into effect; and that nothing short of it could have inflicted on the grosser personages of the story that violent shock to which reference was just now made.

But for very obvious reasons it is only a poor idea of a novel that can be given by an exhibition of dry bones such as the foregoing; and it is not so much the mere skeleton of the plot as the presentment in detail of the various influences at work which gives real "distinction," in the fullest sense of the term, to a Catholic work of fiction. It may be well, then, to endeavour to indicate, by some examples, how this has been done in the particular book now under consideration.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ward is far too observant a writer to fall into the error of imagining that, for ordinary weak mortals, the course of life is straight, whatever its ultimate issue may be. Madge's descent to the nadir of her consent to Lord Bellasis' suit is by no means continuous. She has her better moments, her gleams of disillusionment. Her state of mind after her return to London on the conclusion of her first round of country-house visits is described in a passage which has been quoted in a former article. She has another fit of something that feels like piety, emotional and transient, in the chapel at Skipton Grange. To this I will presently return. Yet again, Laura Hurstmonceaux' pleading of the cause of Lord Bellasis, on her return to London from Skipton, arouses

in her mind a sense of opposition to proposals so made as to imply contempt,—under a thin veil of simulated "respect"—"for scruples that seem to me and to the civilized world absurd." Madge "was the kind of woman whose emotions naturally effervesce in wrath, but she did not dare lose her hold upon herself just now. That she was being insulted was certain, and that she must bear it for the moment was clear." But all the while it is plainly evident that her defences are weakening. She will not give her consent to the flattering proposal, but she will not run the risk, by quarrelling with Laura, of losing the chance of giving her consent at some future time.

And the mention of the opposition momentarily aroused by Laura's insolent words is only one example of several in which (as so often happens in real life) effects are produced quite contrary to the intention of the person who occasions them. The well-meant but ill-judged officiousness—to use no harsher word—of Lady Riversdale at Skipton bears its evil fruit in Madge's rebellious bitterness and in her sudden departure from her uncle's house. Marmaduke's solicitude for Madge's welfare in London arouses, though not without the help of Cecilia's malicious gossip, the jealousy of Hilda, and all but throws her into the arms of Mark Fieldes. And yet it is a too familiar act of Fieldes himself that—by rousing her indignation—saves her from this dangerous entanglement. And—most striking instance of all—it is the urgent insistence of Lord Bellasis that the marriage shall be so hastened as to take place on the 25th of March, which leads directly to a *dénouement* fatal to his hopes. March 25th is, of course, the Feast of the Annunciation of Our Lady. It was also the anniversary of Madge's First Communion. So long beforehand had "God's plot" been laid. And even at this hour of her downfall she shrinks from so deliberate a desecration of such a day. The reprieve of forty-eight hours which she extorts from her lover just saves the situation; for it is on the 24th of March that Mary Riversdale quite unexpectedly arrives from Skipton; and it is her presence, her words, her prayers, her sacrifice, which re-awaken, and strengthen, to the point of final resistance, the "one poor scruple" that stands between Madge and her union with Lord Bellasis.

Unquestionably the strongest and most characteristic scenes in the book are the two in which Mary Riversdale's expiation for the sins of her cousin is shown, first in its inception, and

then as bearing its destined fruit. For these, after all, embody the *leitmotif* of the whole plot—"God's plot" for the salvation of one poor sinner, as well as for other beneficent ends.

The first of the two scenes is laid in the chapel at Skipton. Father Clement—whose influence Madge had dreaded—delivers a short but very powerful discourse after night prayers. His theme is the solitude of the human heart, a solitude for which human companionship can provide no adequate remedy, and which can be relieved only by intercourse with God Himself. Madge had come in during the sermon. As the preacher finished speaking, she "had knelt down hastily on the *prie-dieu* in front of her."

She felt soothed and at rest. At rest in the chapel she had avoided, at peace after a sermon from the monk. . . . This was what she had dreaded, this chapel and that voice. And now both had brought her peace. She was still the Madge who, as a child, had taken her childish troubles to the Convent chapel, there to weep them away. . . . How much she took in of the sermon it is difficult to say. It was not to her distinct enough to be more than soothing (p. 125).

Presently she makes up her mind to take this opportunity to go to confession; but as she makes her somewhat half-hearted preparation with the help of her prayer-book, she characteristically omits to "turn over the page and read the words 'having now firmly resolved to avoid all sin and its occasion, make the Act of Contrition'." The loud ringing of the dressing-bell interrupts her no longer peaceful meditations, and she lets her opportunity slip, and leaves Skipton early next morning.

But we are linked by chains about the feet of God, and the history of Madge's future was not to be independent of another soul conflict, that had begun, or rather had become conscious, during that short homily (*ibid.*).

Mary, too, had listened to the sermon and had been deeply moved. The appeal of the preacher, on God's behalf, for the undivided allegiance of the soul, had awakened in Mary a dawning sense of her vocation to the religious life. The interior struggle was acute and disturbing. In the end it was to issue in peace, but not yet. With her mind still in a turmoil she hastened from the chapel to her sitting-room.

There Carlos, the collie, was lying in front of the fire, and he rose and went to meet her, his brown eyes looking love and wisdom. Mary knelt down by him, put her head down to his face, and burst into a passion of soothing, free-flowing tears. God's dumb, wise, loving creature seemed to be a piece of homely, earthly being with whom she could find refuge from the supernatural (p. 140).

But there was to be no escape that way. Carlos, the collie, was killed the very next day, while attempting to cross the line in front of a moving train.

The second scene is enacted in Madge's house, or rooms, in London, the day before the date fixed for her attempted marriage with Bellasis. She is expecting Laura Hurstmonceaux, who is coming to make some final arrangements. Instead of Laura, however, Mary Riversdale—who knows nothing of what is in contemplation—walks in, looking so radiantly happy that Madge can only suppose that she, too, is to be married.

"Madge, I came to tell you that I am going to be a Sister of Charity."

Madge stared. . . . She seemed to have lost the power of speech. At last she said very coldly:—

"Have you thought of it for a long time?"

"No. Only—only since that time you were at Skipton." . . .

"Why did it attract you?" said Madge, in the same hard voice.

"It didn't attract me," said Mary, blushing deeply; "I couldn't bear it."

"But you look happy now."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, "I should think so. . . ."

"But, Mary, if it didn't attract you at first, when did it attract you?" . . .

"I'll tell you what I can, but it is rather difficult. Do you remember that night Father Clement preached . . . ? Well, it came to me then first as an idea, but I ran away, I was a coward and I was frightened; I suppose it was the supernatural that frightened me, and for some weeks I was always running away and I was, oh, so miserable. The day you went away and Carlos was killed was almost the worst. My horse died a week later. I was full of horrors, everything seemed so hard. . . . I couldn't see why I couldn't be left alone. It seemed as if God had killed them both as a message to me, and God seemed hard. . . . And I couldn't bear Mr. Fieldes giving me the 'Imitation.' It seemed as if he too witnessed against me. Then at last one night I suddenly saw God's love clearly, and my life seemed such a little

thing to give up. I saw that I was standing in my own way, and I gave in. It felt simply as if I could not possibly help it."

"Then you were happy," said Madge.

"Yes, but not as I am now. I think it was like a death-bed with all one's consciousness. There seemed great happiness but great sorrow too. It was like dying. It took a week to die."

"And then," said Madge, . . . "And then?"

"I suppose one doesn't know what heaven is," said Mary, "but one may say it has been heavenly—not that I care one bit less for mother or father, only I seem to be always on the point of meeting all I love in heaven for ever" (pp. 322—323).

What follows is too long to quote. It tells how Madge sobs out her secret to Mary, and how amid a conflict of emotions she at last quite suddenly gives way, joins Mary in saying the Rosary, promises to go with her to Benediction and afterwards to confession, and sends Laura (who calls just then) about her business.

"Good God," cried Laura, with absolute conviction, "if you do break your word, you will rue it to your dying day."

"But on my dying day itself, Mary? She forgets that, doesn't she? . . . And you will have a dying day too, you know, Laura" (p. 347).

After this "absurd interjection," as she considers it, Laura feels that it is useless to stay, and makes her exit with "stately if not graceful" dignity.

It is, of course, the news of Madge's engagement, withheld from her till the preceding day, which is the occasion of Cecilia's suicide, a tragic event not yet known either to Laura or to Madge. It was Mark Fieldes who first told Laura, and he "never forgot the look in that subtle, hardened face, as it was turned towards him; the pain in it froze him." Who shall say whether that same pain may have thawed, somewhat, her own case-hardened nature? As to Lord Bellasis,—

A moody English '*milord*' made his appearance at several towns on the Italian coast during the weeks that followed. He did not stay long at any, but at each he was the object of some curiosity. It transpired through his servant that he had been disappointed in love. . . . He was mourning evidently for the woman he had lost. Was it for a woman he had loved very, dearly, but whose scruples forbade her to marry him? Or was it for one who—as he realised too late—had loved him as he craved to be loved, but was now lost to him for ever? (p. 352).

Needless to say, *One Poor Scruple* does not end on this note. Not Madge but Mary Riversdale is the real heroine of the story, though not its central figure. And this is what the old Oratorian, Father Gabriel, thought about Mary:

He gave a faint sigh, and then checked himself. A figure rose before his imagination such as he had often seen. A young Sister of Charity clothed in a peasant's blue gown, . . . her hands red with household toil, . . . the white cap on her head. Nor was it likely, he reminded himself, that this great sense of joy, this mystic flood of happiness would be unbroken. . . . He knew so well what lay before Mary in her new life—the trials from Superiors, the inevitable class differences between herself and her companions, the longing for loved faces left at home. Yet the sigh had been but a superficial one, and the deep joy rose in his heart, the heart of a brave soldier of the Cross, who has grown old and is deeply rooted in God's peace, as he recognized a young novice soon to be promoted to a post of danger but of glory (p. 377).

In conclusion,—if the reader would appreciate the difference between the materials available for the construction of a plot, and the opportunities for their delicate manipulation which lie within the reach of a Catholic and a non-Catholic novelist respectively, let him compare Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *One Poor Scruple* with Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Daphne, or Marriage à la Mode*. The comparison is the more relevant because the two books deal with closely allied subjects, and because Mrs. Humphry Ward is, in the last-named work at least, definitely and very decidedly "on the side of the angels." And it is at least significant that she makes her one really penitent character, Mrs. Verrier, die—a Catholic.

HERBERT LUCAS.

DOMESTIC SERVICE

TO describe the Domestic Service Problem as negligible because merely domestic is hardly to do it justice. In view of all that goes to create it, and the many serious issues involved, far from being of slight account, it stands revealed as a question of great national importance. Yet so widespread has it become that its very universality has caused it to be considered as one of the inevitable ills of life, not to be cured but only endured. It may be that the present upheaval of society will alter this view, and that we shall find that by changing our ideals somewhat we shall solve the problem itself.

To start with, we must not, as is so often done, shut our eyes to facts, and we must be prepared to modify our traditions in accordance with them. The problem must be solved by examining causes and not by confining ourselves to effects. It is because people have ignored some essential, though not so obvious, features of the question that the present *impasse* has occurred.

Accordingly it may be useful to consider some of these features, and first of all to recognize their existence. We have become so accustomed to regarding all things domestic as simple matters, so to speak, of either addition or subtraction, that we have failed to realize that a more advanced stage in social arithmetic has been reached; and that it behoves us to take into account new factors, the presence of which greatly affects the result, if we are to have a true solution. The question is—What causes are at work to prevent the calling or profession of domestic service being a desirable career for women who have to earn their livelihood? There is no dispute as to the fact; it was noticeable before the war, and war-conditions have only brought it into greater prominence.

First of all, then, what are these new conditions? We have a greatly enhanced demand for other kinds of work, with a correspondingly decreased supply for house-work. We have a vast number of women and girls well-employed or wrongfully employed in occupations other than domestic. The relatively good conditions of such service fail to make head against the greater liberty offered elsewhere, even

though combined with hardships and dangers unknown in the household. Some of these alternatives, as we shall see, are miserably paid, and there is much sweating and undue competition, but the tendency to seek them is not checked. Somehow the extension of education, as at present inspired, has created a dislike for household employment, although it is the one employment which is always open and for which there is always a demand. Apart from those external attractions leading girls away from it, there is also one widespread influence repelling them, and that is the traditional attitude of the average mistress towards her "hired helps." Of this, more presently.

The demand for domestic servants has greatly increased of recent years. Although the widespread adoption of the flat system has meant the reduction of many large staffs, yet the need of "combined" servants, that is house-parlourmaids, cook-housemaids, etc., has kept growing. This may be owing to the exigencies of space imposed by the flats, just as the flats themselves are due, partially at least, to the difficulty of finding satisfactory servants. The greatest increase, we believe, will be found in the ranks of "Generals," and here we get very near to the heart of the whole question. If we analyse the present conditions accurately we shall be forced to admit that very many women advertise for servants who are not prepared to treat them with proper consideration. The conditions offered are frequently thoroughly unsatisfactory,—poor sleeping accommodation and food, wages insufficient, hours long, and time off limited and uncertain. The whole of this class of the demand should properly be subtracted from the estimated total; it is not a just or genuine demand; it is a form of sweating or exploitation practised on the defenceless; but, unfortunately, it very materially reacts upon the remainder. These conditions, occurring as they usually do in the small boarding or lodging-houses (there are of course private houses which are equally bad), are generally the lot of quite young girls, many just leaving school or home for the first time. They are accepted in ignorance or through necessity, and speedily engender a loathing of domestic service. What wonder!

A few months in one of these houses as a general drudge, on foot from morning till night, with even meals taken standing, never able to escape from the smell of cooking, with a comfortless and often unhealthy attic or basement bedroom,—

a few months of such conditons makes any other desirable in comparison. To the realistic novelist, the boarding-house slavery is a godsend. Does she not always fall in love with the lodger who cannot pay but whose genius is so unmistakable? Now and then, perhaps, the glamour of such a romance does fall upon an otherwise drab existence, but not every lodger is an unrecognized but lovable genius of the male sex. To the tyranny of the landlady is often added the tyranny of the lodger.

These conditions apply more properly to London, to similar big centres of industry, and to most holiday resorts. Other localities contribute their quota to the problem in the shape of Day Girls. There is some pretence at status in the case of the drudge who lives in; there is none for the drudge who lives out. She may be single-handed, the mistress persuading herself that *she* does the bulk of the work, while the hired girl—a child of 14 or 15—"helps."

The effect of this conscience-less cult of cheapness so universally practised is to limit the supply of domestics of a reasonable age, 18 and upwards, for service. Young women have contracted a not unintelligible disgust for a career which has had so painful a noviciate. And so, many fair-minded mistresses, who would otherwise seek their servants from the adult class, are forced *faute de mieux* to employ child-labour and exploit the inexperience of the young. The demand has to be satisfied as best it may.

Two other points now claim attention. They are concerned, not with the unscrupulous exploiter but with the difficulties in the way of service under even the considerate mistress. These concern the questions of training and of outfit.

Whereas the present method of entry into service is to commence at the top in a small house, the old method was to start at the bottom in a large one. This is still the better way; but it is not now always possible. Large households were once able to draw upon the children of former servants, or the young relatives of present ones, but this source now proves inadequate. The tradition of service does not run in families as heretofore. Then, again, such households could rely upon the cottages outside their park gates; now so many villages are all but depopulated, and only the less intelligent and the less desirable members remain at home. This depopulation of the countryside has been steadily going on for many years; we are familiar with it as an agricultural

problem, and as contributing to the complexities of the industrial system. But it has not attracted much notice as affecting the question of domestic service. Yet it does greatly affect that question. There is now little apprenticeship for this branch of work. The large country houses, ruled by housekeeper and butler, were formerly a training ground for young servants, affording excellent opportunities for thorough and systematic teaching. Now the old servant class is much depleted, traditions are being forgotten, training is inadequate and mistresses have to rely more and more on institutions, of which there is no great supply.

In putting forward the question of clothes as one affecting the supply of domestics, I am, perhaps, laying myself open to the charge of exaggeration, if not of ignorance. But I can confidently claim that the question of outfit does act as a deterrent in many cases, not only with young girls, but also with older women. There are excellent societies which give help in this matter when approached, but this surely proves the truth of my assertion. Neither individuals nor societies usually set out to supply a non-existent need. And there will always be many people outside the operations of any society; for only a small proportion of working-class mothers have sufficient knowledge and influence to obtain their support. It is true that many mistresses will undertake to provide print dresses for a girl just starting, but no one can count on such generosity. Besides, the greatest difficulty appears to lie, not in the provision of print dresses, but in the getting together of a sufficient stock of underclothing "to go to people's houses with." This is a consideration not only with young girls but it debars many a grown woman from settling herself comfortably in residential service; keeping her, at least for some time, in other work, whilst she tries, out of her scanty wages, to get together a store of clothes to "face other people with." What is wanted, therefore, is more voluntary efforts to enable intending servants to equip themselves at little cost with the necessary outfit. Something is being done by Societies like the Mabys Society, as well as by Convents and such institutions. Nevertheless, the amount still undone is large enough to be numbered amongst the neglected factors of the problem.

Allusion has already been made to the "other industries" which absorb the supply of juvenile and adult woman labour. We hear it said often, in an aggrieved tone, "Girls will not go

to service nowadays; they prefer factories; *they will have their liberty.*" And it might almost be thought that this was the sole reason why women choose an industrial rather than a domestic career. A little reflection may perhaps modify this impression. The change is partly due to the spirit of independence which is nowadays so developed, as well as to other causes which we have touched on. But its origin is more remote and deep-seated than these reasons would imply. The "Industrial Woman" is the outcome, not of a desire for liberty (indeed, she was generated in bondage), but of the gradual prevalence of manufactures over agriculture which has been the mark of the past century. Service of the household in its widest sense declined with agricultural pursuits. There was thus, not only an opening out of new avenues of wage-earning, but a closing up of former ones. The choice gradually narrowed until it lay, not so much between domestic and industrial work, as between industrial or none.

Thus began the decline of traditional service which is so marked a feature of to-day. For good and for evil woman has established herself in the ranks of industry and has a definite place in the manufacturing life of the country. If we look round at the various industries, apart from those occasioned by the war, which afford occupation to women and girls, we shall find that a very large proportion of them involve highly skilled labour. The textile workers alone would be sufficient to justify the claim that women are an industrial rather than a domestic unit in the country, and when in addition to these we add the workers in the ready-made clothing trade, the boot trade, such industries as cycle making, furniture manufacture, jam and sweet making, fish curing, pottery work, we can see from the wide area covered, into how many channels women's labour has been diverted. What wonder, then, that domestic service, as a career, has fallen into evil times, and that so many women, having a variety of alternatives more in harmony with modern tendencies, look down upon it. I do not think this attitude reasonable or necessary, nor do I think that the competition of other occupations is always quite legitimate. There is one direction in particular into which possible domestics are being wrongly diverted in very considerable numbers, to the great detriment of two spheres of work. I refer to what are called girl-clerkships. This department of business, profession, or the

civil service, is at present inundated with half-educated, inefficient girls and women, whose general standard lowers its tone, reduces wages, and discredits women clerks in the eyes of employers of this class of labour. With six months' training in a so-called commercial school, to complete the mental equipment of standard seven in an elementary school, hundreds of these girls come into the clerical market yearly. The smallness of the wage offered them is doubtless aptly proportioned to the quality of the work they can be expected to accomplish; hence the prevalence of wretched jobs at less than ten shillings a week, accepted not for their own sakes but for extrinsic reasons, and exposing their holders to all the perils of insufficient means of support. They are the shame and the despair of those who have the interests of the clerical profession and its workers at heart. Were the evil effects of these so-called "clerkships" confined to the clerks who fill them the problem might be less serious; at any rate the area affected would be definitely known, and remedies could be more easily applied. But they are not. Those thoroughly trained for the profession are often excluded or forced to accept a sweated wage that has been made possible by this influx of cheap—and inefficient—labour.

Some of the blame for this uneconomic result attaches to the indiscriminate touting for pupils that various "Correspondence Schools" practise. Regardless of the fact that the market is over-stocked with this class of labour these establishments continue to offer "excellent prospects to young girls and women." Thousands of these latter, attracted by the advantages of "office work," persuade their parents, who frequently know no better than their daughters, to give them this training. The only advantage in all this is that the banking accounts of the Commercial School go up,—while the disadvantages cover a wide field, including such problems as the Domestic Servant Question, the Educated Woman Worker's Position, Men *v.* Women in the Clerical Profession, and the Moral Aspect of Women in the City.

It would ill beseem us to appear adverse to any honest desire to "rise in the world." What we complain of is the influx of unsuitable candidates for work which presupposes higher education, and the consequent starving of another honourable employment. Perhaps the war, which is doing something to correct snobbishness in all classes, will restore its credit to domestic service, so that it will become a con-

genial employment for women with domestic tastes. But if this desirable result is to be accomplished some change in the conduct of mistresses will be necessary, as was ably pointed out some time ago in this periodical,¹ and some change, too, in the attitude of servants. Not all are suited for the work. Do we not seek to convince the world that many so-called womanly instincts are all but non-existent, and that training is required if efficiency is to be attained? Would it not be well if we accept this truth ourselves and apply it to the domestic service problem. We shall thus advance two steps. We should *understand* the present inexplicable preference of so many women for industrial work; and we should (perhaps) be able to bring a remedy by making evident the need for domestic training for the young—from *the right point of view*.

The last factor, then, in this problem is the question of training. Systematized co-operation between school authorities and those public bodies which are, in other directions, attempting to solve the problem of female labour, might do much to remedy the present position. At present very little recognition is given to the question. "Domestic economy" is taught in schools; but it is with a view to home-making, rather than to wage-earning. This is surely not altogether right. Girls of 12 and 14 cannot be said to be as yet filled with yearnings for a home of their own; and to teach them along these lines, with an ideal before them of which they can have, and should have, little appreciation, seems to be something of a waste of time. They can have few opportunities of putting their knowledge to any practical use in their own homes. Mothers, even of the working classes, do not readily resign the reins of office even to the most up-to-date of County Council instructed daughters. But they do very readily commit this same highly-instructed embryo home-maker to a factory or work-room as a wage earner. The daughter, too, while not yearning to put her domestic instincts to the test, is probably extremely anxious to earn her own living, and blindly sacrifices her future to the needs of the present. Yet provision for this same future has cost the country a not inconsiderable sum. That this is a factor in the Domestic Service problem will not be denied; though we can imagine some adverse criticism at the idea of putting

¹ "Mistress and Servant," by Agnes Gibbs. THE MONTH, September, 1910.

wage-earning through household employments, rather than home-making, as an ideal before schoolgirls. But as they are expected to earn wages at one task or another on leaving school it were surely more economical to teach them work which is, indirectly at least, a training for home-life as well.

The raising of the school age, which is proposed, must, if there is to be any justification for the hardship it will impose upon countless parents, be accompanied by some measure of technical education. Two years' training at a wage-earning occupation would be an invaluable asset for every girl, and this period spent in domestic training, with the certainty at its conclusion of a good situation properly secured by responsible authorities would save many a girl from starting as a lodging-house slavey, only to drift from that into unsuitable factories. What the Trade Schools have achieved with regard to Dressmaking, Tailoring, and other trades that they teach might not unreasonably be looked for in the direction of Domestic Service. Those schools have improved the conditions of the workers by fixing a minimum wage; the trade is learnt throughout under good conditions; and possessed of the power derived from efficiency, a girl can escape the wiles of the sweater, knowing that she can obtain a good situation without difficulty. Apply all this to the Domestic Service problem, and we should find that, instead of entering a career of drudgery untrained and unprotected, girls would "go to service" protected by their knowledge, and also by their minimum wage, and further protected by the care exercised by the school authorities or some other body responsible for the selection of their situation. Nor would the gain be all on the servant's side. The only people who benefit from the present haphazard system are the undesirable mistresses who, wanting a drudge, take any raw, untrained girl. Were these not available, but only trained and capable girls to be had, they would have to fall into line or fall out altogether, while the women who want "servants," and who are prepared to pay according to work done, and who give reasonable consideration for reasonable service, could be accommodated.

Remedies somewhat on these lines would seem to be the best solution to the problem. Artificial remedies, such as lady servants, Chinese servants, shared servants, etc., cannot be said to be remedies; they meet a difficulty, they do not cure it. We want a fuller co-operation with, and an exten-

sion of voluntary effort to meet the difficulty of outfit for intending servants; and we want suitable opportunities of training for possible servants.

Housework is an honourable calling, whether paid or unpaid. A girl who is willing to be trained for it for the future as a wife, in its unpaid form, might not unreasonably be attracted by it in its paid form as a domestic servant. It ought not to be difficult to effect a change, seeing that so much machinery is available, and requires only extension or re-arrangement to bring the total results into harmony with justice to all concerned.

M. B. WILLISON.

THE HAND OF THE LORD

THE Garden, and the Roses, and the Moon—
Dark folding hills, and dying golden light—
Glamour of day, and darkness drifting down,
First shadows of the night;

And mid the roses' fire, white flames and red,
Lord of our souls, in dream I see Him stand,
Silent and grave and sweet, and close in mine
His sacred broken Hand.

Strong Hand, but worn and wounded, racked and strained,
(Pale cloud whence fell that bitter fruitful rain!)
Now yielded to my kisses—Can they soothe
That dim and ancient pain?

Map of God's Heart! Whereon with tears we read
Where the red burning rivers aching ran;
How rose the sea of anguish to its bounds,
Fulfilled the doomèd plan.

Harp of the world! where, swept the deadly chords,
From strained nerves came music of Thy pain.
Vessel of priceless sweetness! crushed and spilt
Thy fragrances remain.

Garden of souls! From those torn furrows sprung,
They bloom and with Thine inmost Life are fed.
Censer! flung Godward under Calvary's skies,
Anguished and burning red.

Precious as treasure-house of antique Kings
With crimson jewels hoarded in the dark—
Fine gold from out the fire of suffering
Stamped with the royal Mark.

Oh, strong to keep and save, oh, subtle-fine
To mould us, swift from bonds to set us free.
Hand sweeter than a mother's, lo, we take
Bread of our pain from Thee.

Healer, Chastiser, Prop of sinful men,
Burnt with their kisses, salt with heavy tears;
Reaper of destined harvests wonderful,
Gleaner mid barren years.

Dealer of joy and grieving, life and death,
Breaker of stony soil and stubborn clod,
Worker of wonders, stern, adorable,
Hand of incarnate God!

Into this Garden, while the risen moon
Glow's like a Monstrance in the dusky sky
Where the deep roses flame, oh Lord of All,
And restless breezes die,

Come, as to Adam in his Paradise:
Thou camest in the calm of evening hours,
When the green ways of that Great Garden shone
With cool immortal flowers.

So come to us for but one deathless hour!
—Our flowers drop earthward and life's heavy tides
Ebb ever in our hearts; stay with us, Lord,
For nought but Thee abides.

Stay with us, Most Desired! The cold and dark,
The wind of life, its chill and bitter skies
Melt from our memories,—with Thy Coming, Lord,
We walk in Paradise!

M. G. CHADWICK.

SOME PEDDINGTON PEOPLE. IV.

THE WAY THE WIND BLEW.

I.

THE WAY IT CAME.

AN undercurrent of excitement, pleasurable and non-pleasurable, stirred the usually monotonous breakfast-table atmosphere of Compton Beauchamp Vicarage.

The little village, a longish walk from Peddington, across buttercup meadows and through high-banked, ferny lanes where the wild strawberry has been known to blossom in December, was, as such isolated villages generally are, somewhat painfully dependent upon interior sources of excitement, though these were frequently forthcoming, and "Comp'n" knew how to make the best of them when they came.

"Have ee heard tell?" followed by intimate references to "new-fashined peddicuts" or "wold-fashined frocks" was often enough to bring the sunbonnets together, and the housework to a standstill, other and larger interests being absent.

But when it came to young maidens from India—"an' that there house vull enough as 'tis, an' *her* baint too wull pleased"—local interests were suspended; Compton's horizon became world-wide.

Mrs. Sebastian Bowen the Second was not, as a matter of fact, too well pleased at the turn events were taking. The pretty brown-palined Vicarage, embowered in flowering bushes—lilac, laburnum, syringa—the latter now breaking into delicate showers of bloom, was certainly large enough for her husband's limited stipend to support; but it was also, as Mrs. Bowen and "Comp'n" realized, quite full enough with the Vicar, herself, her stepson Ted, and two young and enterprising children, for one indifferently-qualified "cook-general" to manage. Girls from India were proverbially unable to do anything for themselves; and though she wished, conscientiously and kindly, to do her best for Sebastian's niece, Annie Bowen, to put it shortly, (and she felt short this sunshiny leisurely June morning) wished Sebastian's niece further.

It was unfortunate that on the very morning of the anticipated arrival that feeling of distaste to the whole proceeding, which had accompanied the Rev. Sebastian's first announcement of his sister's request for a temporary home for her daughter, should so uncompromisingly re-assert itself.

Each member of the assembled family realized this with varying degrees of clearness. The twins, Annie junior and Sebastian John, fair, frizzly images of their mother, with funny little touches of their father thrown in, sat up rather straighter than usual and asked Daddy not Mummie for "more dam." But it was Bruvver Ted, with a twinkle in his eyes and a "Now then, Pops, look out! You're jamming Wops!" who attended to this meant-to-be large order. For the *Church Times* was distressing the Vicar by some of its too pointed, even, he feared, uncharitable remarks on a "subject much better left alone," and his ears were not open to the appeal. As for Mummie, she thought they'd had enough, though only an extra furrow in her once pretty forehead said so. The Family Head, perhaps, realized with least clearness the impalpable atmospheric disturbance; but then clearness was never a distinguishing feature in the Rev. Sebastian's amiable character.

"That were a vine zernon what we've a-heard smarnen," Compton would remark to its congregated self in the churchyard after service. "Cudden make much 'ead nor tail o' end o't; but, law, what do that matter? Her do mane right, we do know, an' a kinder zoul never dra-a-ed breath." Wherein the village showed its often acute discrimination coloured by favouritism. It always preferred to open its cottage doors on the blue, visionary eyes of the Vicar rather than on the blue, quite unvisionary glance of his wife.

"Zee into every carner, they do—to once. Jest so zoon *her* kep away; though, mind ee, her do *mane* right, too."

Yes, Compton, as indeed it prided itself on doing, knew a thing or two. Could it have instilled a little of its fine discernment into its Vicar at an important crisis in his own and another life, it might have prevented one of those unintentional false steps which tend, if not to tragedy, to such a blunting of life's joyous possibilities as is in itself tragic. The Rev. Sebastian's first marriage had been a union of ideal love—his son had idolized his sweet-souled, happy-natured mother, whose laughing dark eyes and sudden sunny smile he had inherited.

"How the Pater could!—and only two years after!" the boy could never understand. Probably neither wife nor husband, in the disillusionment of the former and the puzzled disappointment of the latter, ever understood the falseness of the step they had taken. Conceivably the boy understood the existing situation better than the actors immediately concerned. Ted never hated his young step-mother. Some ingrained sweet-heartedness prevented that. Moreover the comings of Big Bruvver to the Vicarage—he was now at Oxford reading for Orders—made for the twins events of thrilling interest in the somewhat circumscribed joyfulness of their early years. People were always ready to welcome Ted, even "Mrs. B.", for he could never bring himself to call her mother, nor, indeed, did she desire him to do so.

On this particular morning the question of supreme importance to Annie junior and Sebastian John was whether permission would be given to drive to meet the arriving cousin. Mummie, who wasn't asked—there were times when you didn't petition Mummie to grant your most urgent prayers—negated the proposal.

"The pony cart's too small and she'll be sure to bring a lot of luggage. Ted, you'd better be starting. The 11.45 is sometimes—for a wonder—punctual."

Two hours later the sunbonnets in and out of doors all down the village street were violently in evidence.

"Lil queer-lookin' bit of a thing! Weren't her? Fur's I could zee." (The investigator wished she could have seen further.) "Baint like nobody as I do mind ever before up to Vicarage."

Ted had been coming to a like conclusion—with a difference.

A slight, very dark-haired girl, with the unmistakable look of the India-born child, had alighted from the 11.45 and stood for an uncertain moment, rather forlornly, on the little wayside platform. Then two fathomless dark eyes had searched his face and the tiniest, brownest woman's hand Ted had ever seen was held out to him.

"Are you? Yes, you must be. . . . I am Miriam Merrilees."

"And I am Ted, your cousin Ted. How jolly you have come!"

And that, though he did not guess it, was the way the Wind came.

II.

THE WAY IT BLEW.

Ted settled himself in his oldest, most indented, most comfortable Oxford arm-chair and felt for his tobacco jar. No fellows were coming in to-night. He was glad of it. And he'd read enough theology for one day.

He thought he might as well run down to Compton for Whitsuntide, which was late this year. He meant to stay up for this last long Vac., most of it anyway; and they were always glad of a hand at the Vicarage at that season of strenuous festivity. Mrs. B. was sure to be up to her eyes in business and Miriam was to sing, the Pater said, at the school-room concert.

How jolly of her! And what waste! That glorious contralto in the stuffy little room! He'd see to it every openable window was at its widest. The loafers outside, drunk probably, too many of them, might be recalled to better things if they heard Miriam sing.

Ted fell to recalling the number of times he had gained that salutary experience since just upon a year ago. It always made him "feel better" to hear Miriam sing. How her voice astonished people who heard it for the first time! Great rolling notes from that tiny brown throat—it seemed absurd. He smiled to himself contentedly, stuffing very full the bowl of his cherished old briar. She had simply electrified them all at the Vicarage. He had been fooling round at the piano one evening soon after her arrival and had turned to her where she sat reading, a quiet mouse, half hidden by the window curtain, and asked her if she played.

"No; I sing a little sometimes."

The Pater had chimed in here with surprising alertness for him:

"Now do you, my dear? Now do sing us a song. Your dear mother, I remember, sang very prettily."

And she had chosen that little, sweet, dismal thing of Christina Rossetti's, accompanying herself in the simple moving air which suited the words and her voice so well. He had purchased a complete *Christina Rossetti* on his return—there it was in his revolving bookcase—he could see its green back from where he sat.

Nobody spoke when the song ended. Then Mrs. B. had

thinly remarked (How violently he had disliked the interruption!):

"You must have had good training. Where were you trained?"

And the dear old Pater had wiped his glasses and cleared his throat, and Nebuchadnezzar had wakened from dreams of Babylon on the hearth-rug and sat up and howled, and Miriam had laughed and the spell was broken.

"They always do that when I sing."

Whereupon Nebs came over and licked the hand she held out and put his nose in her lap and looked his sentimentalest.

Ridiculous hands she had! It was the first thing he had noticed about her. So brown, and about the size of Pops's. Wops had rather big paws.

Stretching out a long arm and failing by a tiresome inch to reach it, Ted rose and extracted *Christina Rossetti*, slowly turning the pages. What an exhaustive Memoir! of which he hadn't read a word. Might glance through that. He certainly wasn't so well up in contemporary poets as he might be. Miriam was a good deal better. Sometimes she quoted poetry on those jolly long botany rambles they'd had in the Compton lanes. . . . Here it was—the dismal, sweet little song. He read the words slowly, recalling the air as he read:

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me ;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree :
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet :
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain :
And dreaming through the twilight
That does not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Yes, it *was* dismal, much too dismal for Miriam to be singing, a bit morbid, even. Yet there was nothing morbid about his little cousin. (How providential they *were* cousins!) But undoubtedly she was too quiet, even sad at times. Well:

you couldn't wonder. Far away from all her people and Compton not exactly exhilarating, and Mrs. B.—just precisely Mrs. B.! No wonder she was dull sometimes.

A card keeping the place had dropped from the book as Ted found the poem. He picked it up and returned to the arm-chair. Ah! The snapshot of Martin. He had been wondering where that had got to. Good old Martin! Excellent of him in his new captain's cap. What luck if the *Neptune* got home this summer! Wretched scribes that they both were, he hadn't a notion where she had last put in.

Memories of Harrow crowded upon him as he sat holding the photograph between his knees, regarding it with boyish enthusiasm. Yes, excellent of him—his quiet, steady, half-shy, half-quizzical eyes; his invincible yet sensitive mouth with that deep little dent under the lower lip, and—what was it gave Martin's mouth and whole face that particular impression that he'd go through fire and water or be cut up into little bits rather than yield one half-inch in defence of anybody or anything he cared for? Really a splendid chap, Captain Martin Royce, *H.M.S. Neptune*, and how imposing that sounded to be sure! Yet he had made but few friends. Ted Bowen wasn't worth, comparably, Martin Royce's little finger, yet he had been his chief chum. Oxford had produced none like Martin. It would be good to see him again.

He might, Ted further reflected, ride over to Moorlands this Whitsuntide and call on the General and find out what recent news he had received of his nephew and heir. Moorlands would be Martin's some day if the crotchety old soldier held to his present intention and if nothing else happened to prevent. But "ifs" included so many unpleasant contingencies in this uncertain world. The General might even marry again as the Pater had done—and then—

Ted knocked the ashes from his pipe, slowly. Some subtle, undefinable change touched the happy edges of his thought. He threw wider open the windows. The room had grown dark—and hot. A day of premature summer heat and sunshine was ending in that disturbed grey gloom which presages approaching storm. A sullen drop or two of rain fell heavily. How tiresome if the weather broke up just now! They positively must get in one good long rooting ramble and have another try for the squinancy-wort she was so keen on. Certainly she ought to get out much oftener. Why not take the early train and get down by mid-day? Ted turned.

from vaguely troubling states of consciousness to the concrete, refreshing pages of Bradshaw.

But the weather, with unusual good feeling, took another turn for the better, and Compton was able to don its starchiest white Whitsun frocks with a pleasant realization of combined effect and comfort. And not one of the "Reserved" seat-holders on the great day remained conspicuous by absence. Peddington, Cranton, Morton, all were nobly represented. Clerical coat-tails mingled in agreeable profusion with the silks and muslins of the élite; Admiral Bowcher's pretty daughters, who were first cousins of the first Mrs. Bowen, and the even prettier Miss Silvester from Durcott Farm, who was "a connection of" the second, exchanged at least three remarks in apparent perfect charity; and Pops and Wops, in golden-haired, white-embroidered virtue, sat on either side of Bruvver Ted clutching a hand each in tense expectancy of the culminating event.

The big hands involuntarily tightened on the little ones at a point in the programme indicating "Song," not even a title, just "Song—Miss Miriam Merrilees."

She was in her little native dress—soft blues and reds and purples—Indian bangles on her slender wrists and ankles, an India jewel in her cloud-like hair. The darkling shadowy eyes added to the illusion perfectly. It was a little love-lorn Indian princess from whose small brown throat came the piercing, passion-laden melody, and even the twins and back benches sat quite silent when the last note wailed out and died away.

Then a great burst of applause brought the vanished figure, smiling and bowing half shyly and very sweetly, back again, but "Comp'n wadden gwain to be satisfied wi' *that!*" and she had to sing again.

She chose—Ted somehow knew she would—the two short verses of the Rossetti. It made a good encore.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress-tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet:
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget. . . .

It seemed to Ted that he heard nothing more till they were walking home together, down the Vicarage path where the syringa would soon be in blossom; on one branch the creamy buds were already breaking.

Should he tell her to-night what to-night and her voice in the passionate love-song had revealed to him—what was throbbing in his temples and beating tumultuously in his heart? Should he take the tiny brown hands and put his new-found wild happiness to the test to-night? The Wind was blowing then in a strong, overmastering current and he it for what it was.

He glanced down at the little silent figure at his side. The heavy, curved eyelids drooped wearily. She was weary, overwrought. The excitement and the singing had tried and tired her. No; not to-night. To-morrow, in some sweet, fragrant out-door spot, where sadness should be swallowed up in morning sunshine—to-morrow he would tell her of his great, his wonderful love.

III.

THE WAY IT WENT.

To-morrow fulfilled the promise of yesterday, and the good morning sunshine poured in at the windows of the breakfast-room on the again assembled family at the Vicarage.

"Well! I'm . . . !" exclaimed Ted, as he tossed down a post-card after taking in at a glance its brief and significant announcement. "That's good! And how odd! Dad, the heir's arrived."

"Dear me! Isn't that rather unexpected? You're referring to General Hay, I suppose, my boy? Yes, Martin is his heir of course. One tends to forget these things. You will be pleased to see your friend again, no doubt."

"Ra-ther! I was just planning to ride over to Moorlands and find out how the wind blew, and when, if ever, he was expected. Mir, I'll have to introduce you to the best man alive, but first we'll have a good long rooting ramble. What d'you say to this morning? Glorious weather, and I believe it's going to hold up. Sandwiches and skip lunch—eh? What do you say?"

His hand shook a bit, nevertheless, as he dashed the butter on his toast. Suppose she wouldn't come? She still looked tired and pale, much too pale, and "distracte" somehow.

What ailed the dearest girl? He had a sudden desire to catch her up in his arms as he might Pops (she couldn't be much heavier) and run with her beyond doors and windows out under the radiant blue. . . . "Will you come, Mir?"

She lifted her eyes to him, smiling, and nodded confidently. They were the best of chums, so she thought. Without his welcome visits to the Vicarage its chilly atmosphere would sometimes have been almost unbearable—so unlike her own dear home where father and mother were lovers still. Were they ever lovers—Aunt Nancy and Uncle Sebastian? Aunt Nancy tried hard to be "nice"—rather too obviously—and it was rather more obvious that she often felt "nasty." No doubt an extra person was rather burdensome at the Vicarage. The twins, though fascinating when good, were an awful handful, and there seemed such a terrible lot of fussy parish work to do which neither helped nor comforted anybody. And Aunt Nancy didn't care a bit, really, for music, though the dear old Vicar *did*. Ted, too, had quite a notion. It was so comfortable to have him here this Whitsuntide. . . .

"Yes; I'd like a long walk ever so much," she said—"that is if Aunt Nancy doesn't want me to help clear up the schoolroom."

"There won't be time for a *long* walk unless you start soon. It's late already," and a multitude of uncleared schoolrooms managed to convey itself in the tone. "I'll cut you some sandwiches. Jane is so busy this morning after yesterday."

Miriam glanced at Ted dubiously.

But Ted was in no mood for delays. Let all schoolrooms in creation clear themselves for once.

"Lock the door on the mess," he said with robust, and provoking, cheerfulness. "We'll borrow some rakes and pitch it all up to-morrow."

"My dear," put in the Vicar, for once dimly aware that something under his nose needed adjustment; "couldn't some of the village girls be trusted?" and "Come along, Mir," said Ted.

It was the funniest sort of rooting walk, Miriam thought, they had ever embarked upon. To begin with, Ted vetoed the Morton Road, which was the shortest way to the quarries where they had the best chance of finding the squinancy-wort. (And old Mary Ann would have been so pleased with a root for her quinsy!) He was bent on Green Lane, where

they could get some choice little ferns for her rockery, he said, and climb up to Durcott field at the top and have their lunch under the big oak tree deliciously. Then he kept beginning sentences and not finishing them, or stalking along and saying nothing, and was so altogether unlike his companionable self that she was glad when they did reach Green Lane, though it wasn't yet time for lunch, and climb up the high bank and sit down under the oak tree.

The gracious sunshine filtered through the young copper-green leaves above them and threw dancing shadows on the ground beneath; and there all at once the Great Disclosure was made, and he told her, much too suddenly, rather awkwardly, but with all young love's first passionate ardour, what she was to him.

She was utterly taken by surprise and unprepared. And so, alas! was he for what followed. For her eyes answered his not with responsive love but in startled pain and protest, and the hand she withdrew was suddenly shaking and cold.

"Oh Ted, dear Ted, don't, *don't!*"

The boy's face went white. But he pulled himself quickly together. Now he had frightened—and hurt her—blundering fool that he was!

. . . "There isn't . . . anybody else . . . is there, Mir?"

It was her turn to surprise him.

Her hands were clasped in her lap and she was gazing over the scented meadow grass, stirring delicately in a gentle breeze. And as he watched her, afraid to speak, two big tears overflowed and ran down her cheeks, and then her head went down on her arms and her shoulders were heaving.

He touched her timidly, forgetting his own pain, longing only to comfort.

"Can't you tell me?" he said.

She dried her eyes and answered him with a tremulous smile.

"Well then, I will; because I like you so much; because you've been so good to me; and because, oh, because, I *am* so sorry. . . . It was at Darjeeling, one summer when father was quartered there and mother and I were there too—last night brought it all back. He was a lieutenant in the Navy and used to like me very much to sing to him, and I *think*—I am almost sure—but I mustn't think; I don't know. . . . He had orders to join his ship

suddenly and left all in a hurry without even time to say good-bye. . . . I've never seen or heard of him since. . . . I thought—and hoped—and prayed—I might forget; but I suppose, after all, I haven't; and last night—that Indian song—it was the one he liked best, and the other always makes me think of him——”

“I see, dear,” said Ted, gently. “I understand, quite perfectly. I'm so very glad you could tell me. We'll still be chums, won't we?—the best of chums. This shan't make any difference, shall it? . . . Now, d'you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to find some wild strawberries for lunch. Green Lane always produces the very first wild strawberries. You sit here and I'll go and forage.”

“No; I'll come too.”

“Will you? Come along, then. This is the best place to get down. Let's leave the basket here. It'll be quite safe. Look out, Mir! Not too fast! There's a horse coming at the gallop. He's just taking the turn into the lane.”

As the rider approached, Miriam, who had reached the bottom of the bank, stood still till he should pass, but Ted, who was standing just above her, recognized the canter and the steed. It was Prince from Moorlands, whose back he had often ridden, and

“Martin, old boy! Martin! Miriam, this is”

But the rider was off his horse, catching her hands which she did not try to take away. The sweet eyes, so lately full of tears, were brimming with joy as they read the radiant welcoming in the eyes looking down on her. And one who looked on read both faces in a flash and the light which would not be hidden which illumined them. Then, as Martin turned to greet his friend, his face working, stammering incoherencies, Ted heard an outside voice (he really didn't know he could act so nicely!) exclaiming:

“So I needn't introduce you at all! Martin, you sly dog, we can't let you go now we've collared you. Give me Prince and I'll tear over to Moorlands and tell them we've bagged you for the day. Don't forget the basket, Mir. Take him round the field way—that's nicest. I'll look in at the Vicarage as I pass. . . . On, Prince! Fast, my beauty! Fast!”

In a sheltered corner of Compton churchyard is a grave with a plain grey headstone which records that “Margery,

the ever-beloved wife of the Reverend Sebastian Bowen, Vicar of this Parish," rests there in peace. Here, on that peaceful Whitsuntide morning, a young knight-lover stood bare-headed and fought a battle. Hidden by the thick boughs of ancient evergreens, Ted stared down on the smooth green mound. Here they had laid the dear body of the woman whom then of all women he had loved best. Never till this moment had he needed her so sorely, now that not Death but Life was taking from him another woman whom, also, he loved. . . . Just to put his head in her lap—just to feel for her hand—just to know, as most surely he would know, that she understood.

Beyond, the thatched roofs of the village basked warm and cheerful in the sunlight; homely midday smoke went up against the blue. Across the low dividing wall of the churchyard an early "monthly" rose had thrown some glistening branches, and pink petals shone among the green. But close about him the sombre yews and cypresses cast their heavy shadows—over there a corner of the school-house jutted out against the church.

"Nor shady cypress-tree . . ."

No, no! He must not think of *that*. He must not listen to the haunting voice in the poignant sweetness of those farewell words. He must resolutely put away all memory of *that* for a long, long spell. It was Martin's voice to remember and love and possess, not his. His heart contracted. . . . A sudden blindness blotted out all the bright and homely scene. . . . Martin! Ah, why *need* it have been Martin? His wounded heart cried out again in an exceeding bitter cry for her who slept so unansweringly beneath the green grass at his feet.

Did she hear her baby's cry? Who can tell? Who can tell, indeed, what mysteries of dear communion may lie hidden in the Heart of the Eternal waiting for the cry of the children? . . .

Presently he stooped and quite simply kissed the grey head-stone; picked off, mechanically, and tossed away, a little yellow leaf, dead before its time, from the rose-bush climbing over it, and was soon again on Prince's back galloping towards Moorlands. And at lunch-time General May's talkative housekeeping niece was telling her uncle how that nice, breezy Ted Bowen had ridden over, and Martin was at the Vicarage, and he had met the little cousin somewhere

out in India—queer Martin had never mentioned that—and so on and so forth, very much at length.

Nevertheless, the boy had received his baptism. For the Spirit bloweth where it listeth, and every true word learnt in Love's great Lesson is surely a new birth of the Spirit.

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

NOËL

THE slough of years slips from us,
We join the race
Into the Land of Promise
Where Death and Life embrace,
Where with angelic laughter
Sorrow is reconciled,
Since now is the Hereafter
And Christ a child.

So in a large-eyed wonder
We hear unawed
His cry in sweetest thunder
Calling us, sons of God;
We wear His crowns, in splendour
Passing the seraphim;
O joy, when we surrender
Our toys to him!

GEORGE NOBLE PLUNKETT.

CONCERNING PRAYER

II.

LAST month we dealt at some length with one out of the fourteen essays that make up the volume entitled *Concerning Prayer*.¹ This was because it enters more radically than the rest into the view as to the nature of suitable prayer which appears to be held in common, though not perhaps in all cases with the same thoroughness, by the contributors to the volume, and at all events is considered by them all to be well adapted for the place it occupies in the collection. Of the other essays we will call attention especially to that on *Prayer as Understanding*, noticeable because, as coming from the Rev. Harold Anson, Examining Chaplain to an Anglican Bishop, to the one in fact who has succeeded to the place of the late venerable Bishop King, its ideas on Prayer may be taken as considered worthy of recommendation to the young candidates for the Anglican ministry. This essay is remarkable for the distinction it draws between the "Sultanic relation of the suppliant to an Oriental potentate" and that of "the student of science to nature." To the Oriental mind the local Sultan is "known by experience to have a limitless power of giving or withholding the good things of life . . . and, as he holds all justice *in gremio pectoris*, in the sense that justice itself cannot be conceived as having any practical free course except it can succeed in commending itself to the temper of the sovereign despot," a temper which is generally most "uncertain" and "affected regularly by the moods and whims of the moment, a petitioner knows very well indeed by long and bitter experience that the Sultan's memory needs considerable jogging, and his palm oiling by plentiful backsheesh."

In approaching him it is not wise to appeal to justice or to law, a course which might seem to belittle his own arbitrary and sovereign will; appeal must be made rather to his vanity and to his mercy, to his well-known willingness, in answer to supplications offered with sufficient urgency, to save the lives of the worst criminals, and to grant, even to the most abject of his subjects, the most unexpected and unbounded favours. He

¹ *Concerning Prayer*, Edited by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* (Macmillan).

may be reminded, if a fitting and decent caution be used, of the glorious character of his ancestors who, while they slew the proud at sight, had often raised the most undeserving beggars from the dunghill. But above all things it will be necessary to be unceasing in the praise of the character of the sovereign himself; the celebration of his clemency must arise like incense continually, and money spent on the manufacture of laudatory hymns will seldom be known to be without its due reward.

This is how Mr. Anson describes—shall we say, for the instruction of the young men who present themselves for examination, after having first we may be sure acquainted themselves anxiously with his views?—the character and methods of Almighty God which he would have them regard as underlying the practice of Christian prayer, as it has been universally understood and practised—at all events till the days when ultra-rationalism set in. It is true he ascribes this Sultanic conception of God and of the kind of prayer He is disposed to heed, to the imperfect understanding of the nature of God which man first formed for himself whilst as yet in the animistic period of his existence, for of course he believes that man has derived his religious notions by a slow and uncertain evolution from that original nucleus. It is true, moreover, that he finds two strains of feeling on the subject of prayer in the Old and even in the New Testament teaching, and assigns the value of the one which pleases him best to the records preserved in those sacred volumes of the protests of the minority against the habits of the majority. But how small this minority appears to him to have been at all times, and to be even yet, is evidenced by such a passage as the following: "Even the fifty-first Psalm [*i.e.*, according to the Vulgate enumeration the fiftieth], which surely will never lose for the religious sense its charm and pathos, sinks to a very low and naïve strain when it ends by promising to Jahveh, in return for His gifts, that He shall receive a present of young bullocks for His altar." If we were to urge, as against the gross insinuation in this last clause, that the Psalmist never meant to suggest that the "present of bullocks" would be offered to God as something acceptable to Him for food, but as sacrifices which, though enjoined by the Thora itself, were acceptable only in so far as they were offered in a humble and contrite heart and as objective expressions of such dispositions, we should be on sound exegetical ground, and could point to the context of vv. 16, 17, to the preceding

Psalms vv. 9—14, and several other parallel passages. Let us hope that, though that is what his words point to, Mr. Anson would not reply that he was not solicitous about exegetical requirements, and had only wished to say something wounding to Christian feelings.

Moreover, he is careful to warn his readers that these protests of the minority "have not been entirely successful—even up to the present time."

The essential feature [of this Sultanlic view of the relation of God to man] is that it does not pretend or presume to understand the character of God. It takes for granted that certain things will be given by God and certain things withheld; but it does not attempt to discover any principle in the giving and withholding. Everything is arbitrary. God is angry with you for something you have done, you may or may not know what it is, you may or may not be responsible for the act. He may punish you with war, or with cancer, or by slaying your children, you can do nothing but ask Him to have mercy; you may promise to amend but it is His wrath which must be turned aside, His mind that has to be changed, and the more humiliation you may suffer, the more sorrow you endure, the greater is the hope that this painful process may appease the violence of His great wrath. Who shall say that that conception of our relation to God is entirely obsolete and unknown?

And he adds an illustration to show that this "conception of God's character" as a harsh, cruel, arbitrary and capricious despot is held "in one considerable section of the Church."

One asks, in what section? And one is told that this section is the Catholic Church, and the illustration he offers is taken from the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*. "Consider" (says St. Ignatius in the first Meditation on Sin) "the anger of God avenging the first sin [that of Adam] on all the descendants of the first sinner, pestilence, war, famine, desolation of the earth. . . . What consequences and what chastisements for one single sin! . . . A sin which he expiated by nine hundred years of penitence. . . . Ask yourself what this God is who punishes a single mortal sin in this manner. . . ."

This illustration which the Bishop of Lincoln's Examining Chaplain is good enough to supply, establishes for us at least this, that, though employing the rhetorical figure of *meiosis* when he claims for the Sultanlic conception of the nature of God that it is "not entirely obsolete and unknown," he means

by this phrase to denounce, as holding that conception and wishing to give expression to it by their mode of prayer, the entire body of Catholics, together with the large majority of non-Catholic Christians who share with the Catholics in praying on the traditional lines—to these in contradistinction to the small groups of men and women who may call themselves Christians but are not regarded generally as having much claim to that description.

But to come to his endeavour to find this Sultanic feature in the passage he ascribes to the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*. The passage is not really from those *Spiritual Exercises*, but from one of the many books which build upon and expand that text. We will not lay stress, however, upon this. The secondary writer is at most to blame for not having foreseen that his words lent themselves somewhat to the misrepresentations of a captious writer, and our Examining Chaplain would doubtless feel indignant were we to suggest that the same kind of scholarly accuracy is requisite in commenting on the words of a Catholic writer as in commenting on the words of Virgil or Shakespeare.

But we have a right to comment on his omissions. Of course he did not think it necessary to remind his readers that St. Ignatius wrote for those already instructed in the Catholic doctrine of Mortal sin as distinguished from Venial sin, of Original sin as distinguished from Personal sin, of the Attributes of God and their relation to the Moral Order, of the Order of Grace as distinguished from the Order of Nature, which last has an important bearing on the character of Original sin and its relation to the doctrine of redemption. Those who make retreats according to the method of St. Ignatius have such matters explained to them from the resources of that Catholic theology which has studied all these matters deeply, and faced all the problems they suggest with frankness and acuteness. Mr. Anson indeed knows nothing whatever of their reasonings, not having taken the pains to acquaint himself with them. Still the exercitants to whom they are thus explained find them helpful, and are not conscious of any mental necessity forcing them to take refuge in the Sultanic conception of God. But we can well understand his motives for dispensing himself from the searching and toilsome study of what the Catholic theologians have written on these questions in past or present times, whilst it is so much more simple by ignoring or misrepresenting all their

facts and arguments to get an apparently effective argument for his own strange views.

In expounding and condemning what he conceives to be the method of prayer based on the Sultanic conception of God this writer is at least clear. He uses language that conveys his meaning with sufficient distinctness. When he proceeds to expound to us that system of prayer which approaches God in the same spirit as the student of science approaches nature, he becomes at once as misty and uncertain as his fellow-essayist, Mr. A. C. Turner. The attitude of the student of science to physical nature is that which studies its laws with the firm intention to discover wholly and solely what is true about them, and then seeks to apply them to the purposes of life in which he is interested. But Mr. Anson's point seems to be that there are laws of the spiritual world analogous to those of the material world, and that, if we wish our prayer to take a becoming form, it should be that of striving to attune ourselves to these spiritual laws, with a view to applying them to the needs of our spiritual and moral lives. But how are we to do it? We are to bear in mind that "in worshipping God we are really worshipping Goodness, Love, Life, Principle, and the rest. The idea that we are doing this comes as a new strength and stay to life." Especially is it so if we do our best, though this is apparently not essential to our prayer, and remember that goodness, love, life, principle, "can only inhere and be manifested in personality"; that "God the Father is a Person who knows whereof we are made and remembers that we are but dust"; and is such a Father to us that "man who is His son has learnt to know that each petition, as it comes to be really and urgently felt, is promptly met by his Father, and that its supply is immediately at hand." This sounds like a dawning perception of what Christians in the past have always thought of God, so otherwise from what Mr. Anson has been attributing to them under the figure of Sultanism. But it turns out that the direction in which his thoughts are tending is towards Christian Science. This fact comes out in such passages as the following:

To this newly-discovered belief [that in worshipping God we are worshipping goodness, love, life, principle] Christian Science and similar religious movements owe much of their influence and regenerating character. Many people thus attain for the first time something of the calmness and balance of men of

science. They learn to believe that the results of co-operation with God's purpose are as certain and accurate as the demonstrations of the laboratory. . . . Just as the belief in the uniformity of nature is the basis of all experiment and the bedrock of all confidence in scientific achievement, so this belief in God [that is, the Christian Scientist's, not the Christian belief in God] as the active principle of good, has as a matter of fact led to bolder and more successful experiments in healing the sick, in conquering overwhelming sorrows, and overcoming long-standing habits of sin than perhaps have ever been attempted before in the history of the Church. . . . They would say that these things are accomplished by intelligent and never-ceasing co-operation with God's laws; that their success depends quite as much upon the carrying out of accurate and immutable laws as the building of a bridge depends upon the laws of mathematics. They would say that no amount of beseeching, no rendering of hearts or garments, will bring about the desire of prayerful men apart from conformity to the spiritual laws that govern all beneficent action. Thus in the text-book of Christian Science (*Science and Health*) Mrs. Eddy, etc.

In his other essay on *Prayer and Bodily Health*, to be found in the same volume, Mr. Anson sets forth in even clearer terms his persuasion that the method of prayer which he contrasts with that of Sultanism—and recommends as comparable with the action of the scientific student in dealing with physical nature,—is the method recommended by Mrs. Eddy and based on her principles.

Only by causing the sick soul to grasp and hold that true Nature [note the capital initial] of his—which is indeed Christ—can healing in the deepest sense be brought about. If this be called suggestion, then let us not quarrel about the word. But is it not something more akin to prayer—prayer in that scientific sense alluded to in another essay [namely, the one on which we have been commenting]—the evocation of divine power according to an eternal law, to show itself in bringing the finite and needy soul into correspondence with the Law of Love which will be its healing.

It may be convenient after this survey of his expositions, to hear what this writer holds out to us as likely to be the future of prayer. How far the other contributors to the volume, and in particular Mr. A. C. Turner, agree with him in this prognostication, we cannot say. We are warned by the Editor in the Preface to the volume that "differences of

opinion, even on important points, have not entirely disappeared from among these essays," and yet are informed also that the essays are "the result of a corporate effort to clear up their own ideas in this important matter" [of the nature of prayer]. At all events this is Mr. Anson's prognostication in his own words:

Prayer in the future will surely lose wholly its element of deprecation; it will perhaps lose in part its form of petition; it will tend to increase its element of affirmation. Acts of faith and hope, of love and penitence [understood, however, no longer in the traditional sense] will find a larger place. Greater stress will be laid on the element of adoration [which, again, we must remember is addressed to a God whose nature is very different from that which Christians ascribe to their God], the quiet contemplation of God's nature and purpose, the corporate silence in which God says much whilst we listen much but speak not at all, cleansing the avenues of the mind through which understanding comes to us as we live in conscious fellowship with divine purposes. Petition may become less frequent, not because our needs are less urgent, nor yet because we hold to any mechanical "law" of God which makes us think that the course of the world is fixed and unalterable, but because we shall realize more and more that the answer to our petitions lies not in any change in God but in our own greater increase of understanding. If this should be so, we need not be disappointed or alarmed.

The other essays in the volume are not all as offensive as these two. Some, indeed, as those of Dr. Rufus Jones on *Prayer and the Mystic Vision*, or of Mr. Edwyn Bevan on *Petition*, and of the Rev. C. H. S. Matthews on *The Eucharist—an Anglican View* [in which title, however, the indefinite article should surely be emphasized], and Canon Streeter's two on *God and the World's Pain* and on *Worship*, and the Editor's first essay on *Repentance and Hope* contain thoughts that are to some extent helpful. Still none of them, except perhaps Mr. Bevan's, are without sad deflections from fundamental Christian beliefs, as, for instance, is that on *God and the World's Pain*, which finds it necessary to ascribe suffering to the Godhead itself, and detects Arianism(!) in the fact that the Christian imagination sees "side by side throned in heaven God the Father, potent, unchangeable, impassible, and, on the right hand of God, the Son, *passus, crucifixus, mortuus, resurrectus*" (*sic*); that on *Worship*, which is full of the most crude and arbitrary suggestions;

that on the *Mystic Vision*, which confounds with the vision accorded as a supernatural gift to some of the saints the pseudo-vision which their own defective self-introspection attributes to certain amiable devotees in the teeth of the undoubted fact that man by his own powers can attain to the knowledge of God only through rational inference; and that on *Repentance and Hope*, which, though well-meant, is hopelessly at sea as to all the fundamental facts and experiences out of which it weaves its arguments, lays merely a slight and subordinate stress on the element of guilt in the conduct of the sinner, and misdescribes repentance, as though it were not so much a conversion from the spirit of deliberate transgression, as a continuous straining to discover and overcome past imperfections in conduct due to want of knowledge rather than to anything worse.

The aspect under which we have been led to view these essays concerning prayer has been their utility or inutility as furnishing literature to those taking their part in the National Mission. That an endeavour to solve difficulties which often deter the men of the present generation from prayer is in place in a literature of this kind we must all cordially allow, nor are books wanting written by devout Anglicans which might be recommended for this object. But surely these essays concerning prayer are calculated only to discourage those who might otherwise be drawn to prayer. Their place if they were to be published was surely not among the literature of a National Mission such as that which has been going on during the last few months, but in the series of pronouncements to which have belonged the *Essays and Reviews* of 1866, the *Lux Mundi* of 1888, and the *Foundations* of 1912, that is to say, in the series which by reason of its disastrous influence on English Christianity marks the stages of its gradual decline.

What we have said so far has, we may trust, sufficed to show the mischievous character of these essays, and that is the principal object we have had in view. Still it would be unsatisfactory, after forcing the reader to listen to objections against prayer which if unsound are at all events plausibly stated, to leave them without some sort of defence of a cherished custom in which many of them have known how to find consolation and spiritual support. It would indeed be impossible within the small space left over to us to undertake

a systematic vindication of prayer, but a few words on one or two of the root errors underlying the objections may form a not inappropriate termination to this article.

First, then, as to the mental attitude in which it becomes the Christian Apologists to approach objections of this sort. The attitude adopted by critics of the class to which these essayists belong is what is called rationalistic. It is that of minds supremely confident of their own personal competence to judge definitively on these problems of theology, purely by their own lights, and to set aside all statements whether of Church or Scriptural authority, that are inconsistent with their decisions. The Christian Apologist's attitude is just the opposite to this. Taking on sure grounds the declarations of Scripture and the Church as faithful expressions of the Divine revelation he regards all opinions inconsistent with these as thereby convicted of error, and finds those who pertinaciously uphold them in opposition to the voice of revelation as comparable with the perverse children we sometimes meet with who, blind to their own inexperience and immaturity of mind, are quite prepared to pit their own judgments against those of their wise parents. To such children we are wont to say, "Prefer your parents' judgments to your own, as from the nature of the case they are much more likely to be right. If you will only be learners and lay aside your self-conceit, in due time you will see clearly where you were wrong and why they were in the right." Similarly the Church speaks not to her rationalistic critics who will not heed her but to her right-minded Apologists. "Have confidence in the teaching of Scripture and the Church, which is the faithful witness of the voice of God. And, if at present the objections raised against this teaching sound plausible, persevere in union with the multitude of the theologians in seeking for such solutions of these obscure points as are in harmony with the implications of the dogmas, and your search may be eventually rewarded." That it is so rewarded in a multitude of cases is felt by these Apologists themselves; and if it does not seem so to the Rationalists who trade on the objections, it is noticeable that they seldom bestow much thought or good will in investigating what orthodox Christianity really holds on these points or how it defends itself.

Four subjects to which this principle of procedure is applicable enter into the argument of these essays: the question of the gravity of mortal sin and that of the nature of original

sin; and again the propriety of prayer notwithstanding the uniformity of nature and the Divine omniscience.

The objection as regards the former doctrines is that God's punishment of sin is so disproportionate in its excess to the quality of the offence, and in the further case of original sin is so monstrously unjust in being inflicted on the innocent in requital of sin committed by another, that it is impossible to retain belief in these two dogmas, and at the same time to retain consistently with them the belief that God is good and just, not to say merciful, and worthy to be addressed by us in our prayers. But undeniably these two doctrines of the eternal punishment of sin, and of the infliction on the whole race of punishment for a sin for which Adam alone was personally responsible, are doctrines affirmed most positively throughout the Bible and handed down from the beginning in the Church; and equally undeniably the goodness, justice, and mercy of God are as plainly and insistentlly taught in those sources of revelation as they are inevitably deducible from the facts of creation and human history. Nor has the orthodox theologian too much difficulty in vindicating the consistency of a revelation which affirms both doctrines, by pointing out that sin, that is to say mortal sin, is of the nature of a deliberate rejection by the sinner of the friendship of God, together with that sanctifying grace which is the pledge of it within him; and of a rejection which, if we follow the standard of measurement in use among ourselves in estimating the gravity of offences committed by man against his fellow-men, is measurable by the distance between the infinite and self-existing God and a being created by Him out of nothing, so far beneath Him and dependent on Him for all that he has and for the very continuance of his existence. This offender says in effect to his Maker, when he sins mortally, "You forbid me to commit this sin, accounting it to be so grievous an offence that in view of it you must withdraw your friendship and your grace from me. Well, then, withdraw them both. I do not want either the one or the other, if I can only have them on condition that I keep from sin." Is it unjust or excessive on the part of God to take the sinner who thus rejects Him at his own words, and abandon him to the state he elects for? And is it unmerciful in God, after having previously sought in so many ways to deter him from the sin, to continue, even after he has fallen into his miserable but self-chosen condition, to call him back to the lost friendship,

appealing to him as long as life lasts in so many ways to seek restoration after the appointed method, with a humble and contrite heart? And as to the further objection found in the nature of original sin. The objector who is so horrified at a passage referring to it in the *Spiritual Exercises* omits to take note that, as explained by the Catholic theologians, the punishment of Adam's sin, which involved along with himself all his posterity, consisted, as regards the latter wholly and as regards himself largely, of the deprivation not of any natural gifts but of the superadded and supernatural gifts which were granted to Adam along with his human nature, and, by completing it, constituted the state of original integrity, the gifts, namely, of sanctifying grace and of immunity from the fire of concupiscence and the law of death and disease. Both these gifts were gratuitous, the former because by it man was ordained to an end altogether above that to which his nature entitled him, the latter because man being compounded of spirit and matter, of body and soul, there is an essential duality in his nature which, unless it be checked by a superadded gift such as that of integrity, inevitably issues in two opposite tendencies, the spirit and the flesh, the interaction between which originates the war between the flesh and the spirit. Moreover, as these two superadded gifts were gratuitous, there was no injustice to the posterity of Adam in their being left to come into the world without them, that is to say, deprived not of an essential endowment of their nature but of a privilege they would otherwise have had; just as, if one may be allowed a comparison drawn from a far inferior subject-matter, there is no injustice done to the descendants of a peer deprived of his title for misconduct, in that they are born commoners. Moreover, here too the unspeakable mercy of God displays itself, for what was lost to the human race through the sin of its first parent, was restored to it out of regard for the merits and redemption of Jesus Christ. Only in the mode of restoring it was some change made. Grace was restored not to each and all along with birth, but in each individual case through the regenerating medium of Baptism, and if integrity was not restored, it is not essential to the highest interests of the soul, which, supported by the continuous inflow of Divine aids granted in respect of the redemption and intercession of Jesus Christ, which are ever at its service if it asks for them, can achieve even higher victories by triumphing over

the assaults of the flesh and patiently enduring the ills of life. We are not claiming that Mr. Anson shall accept our doctrines, of which this is the true explanation, but we do expect that he shall feel some remorse for having caricatured them so grossly, through neglecting previously to ascertain what they are.

The third root error to which we must call attention is that of assuming that the prayers of supplication for things, whether spiritual or temporal, such as Christians have been taught by revelation to offer assiduously, imply that God in answering them will disregard the deterministic laws which He Himself has set as a frame-work to His universe. This indeed, strange to say, is not a position which any of these essayists take up at all distinctly. On the contrary Mr. Anson in one passage rejects it, though on the false ground that God Himself is immanent, in the pantheistic sense, in all the processes of physical nature. Still the difficulty is one that is persistently urged by Rationalists of other schools, and has a very deterrent influence on many who would otherwise desire to pray. It is proper, therefore, we should make some reference to it. When we reflect we see at once that the difficulty thus presented is analogous to the difficulty of harmonizing the course of nature with the action of human free will. It is only quite recently that the deterministic school died out (if indeed it has as yet died out), which refused to admit the reality of free will on the ground that it was inconsistent with the determinism of physical laws and the conservation of energy. But the invincible consciousness we all have that our will is free and can effect changes in nature which cannot be explained on any deterministic principle, our realization too that apart from this intervention of free will the whole course of rational life is inexplicable, has caused the deterministic hypothesis to pass into general disfavour. Few theoretically, fewer still practically, any longer deny that the will is free, and this means that our common sense judgments are confirmed, and we are justified in believing that in the exercise of our free will we do really act upon others for their benefit or injury by guiding them, aiding them, hindering them, or ministering to them, our method being to apply the forces of nature in directions determinable by our free will. And if this has to be recognized as regards man's free will, there remains no further difficulty in recognizing that God can still more ex-

tensively not only work positive miracles, but guide us for our benefit or punishment, by applying and directing the forces of nature.

Nor in this case any more than in that of human free will is there any ground for objecting that, if free will is allowed to intervene in such arbitrary ways, we are deprived of that certainty respecting the action of physical causes which is the very basis of our calculations when we employ them or apply them. That contention may appear plausible to a man who tries to puzzle it over in his abstract meditations in an arm-chair; but, when our Lord took clay and mingling it with spittle rolled it into a plaster which He applied to the blind man's eyes, we do not read that the observers present, in their astonishment at the unexpected cure, declared they could never in the future feel confident how clay would behave when moistened with water. On the contrary they gathered from the unusual nature of the effect that some new force had intervened and that to this the unexpected effect was due, the clay and the spittle contributing towards it only what was natural and customary with them. And with a sure instinct they assigned the new force correctly. It was the Divine power that worked through Jesus of Nazareth. This indeed was a case of miracle not of the mere application of physical forces to a definite end by a person endowed with free will. But that difference has no bearing on the point we are urging.

We come now to the last of the points of difficulty on which we have promised to say a word of explanation. It is said that the prayer of petition presupposes that God can only learn to know what our needs are by our telling Him of them in our prayers, or again that it involves our expecting Him to supply what we consider to be our needs at the bidding of our limited and biassed folly rather than at the bidding of His infinite wisdom. Though this is a difficulty very commonly felt, none of the essayists faces it directly, not even Mr. Edwyn Bevan, the most Christian and practical among them, who does touch on some points closely connected with it. But that God does wish us to pray to Him, in the direct sense of asking Him to grant us favours of the spiritual and even of the temporal order, according as we think we need them or may reasonably ask for them, is affirmed or implied over and over again in the Bible. Let the words of St. Paul in Philipp. iv. 6 stand for all the rest: "Be nothing solici-

tous; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your petitions be made known to God." For here it is evident that the temporal wants which the Philippians are sure to have had in their precarious position among the Gentiles were especially in the apostle's mind. The difficulty raised is not after all very formidable. Our Lord gives us the key to the solution when He bids us to look up to God when we pray as to "our Father in Heaven." An earthly father may not be omniscient or all-wise, but at least his knowledge and his wisdom indefinitely surpasses that of his young child. Yet he does not on that account repel his child's prayer when it tells him of its little wants, or asks him to grant its little desires. On the contrary he encourages it to make known the former and petition for the latter. The relation of loving trust which should subsist between father and child could not well be sustained unless there were a habit of personal intercourse between them of the most intimate kind, and how could there be such intercourse unless the child were trained to make known its needs and prefer its requests, with the assurance that the father might refuse certain things because the child's good or some other exigency demanded it, but would grant others, just because they were sought, and because it is good for the child to co-operate in its bringing up. It must be the same with the relation of man, who is God's child, to his Father in Heaven; it must be this that our Lord would teach us, particularly in those passages of the Sermon on the Mount in which He lays down for us that very law of prayer at which some modern rationalists take scandal, but Christian tradition has adhered to faithfully all through. Moreover, it should be noted that antinomies, if we may borrow a Kantian term, such as that which, apparently, exists between God knowing everything and yet encouraging His children to manifest their needs to Him, are never brought forward in Scripture, though it manifests throughout a perfect consciousness of the extremes that may seem to human judgment to be incompatible, an evident indication that He does not wish us to allow our perplexities concerning them to enter into our devotional life—though on the other hand there is nothing in Scripture or Church tradition to discourage us, if we have the needful training, from striving to solve them when we study them speculatively as theologians or philosophers.

S. F. S.

THE PRO-GERMAN PRESS PROPAGANDA.

I.

SOMETHING less than three weeks ago there was delivered at the office of THE MONTH a bulky postal packet duly "opened by censor" which throws an interesting light upon the efforts made by German agents in the United States to influence the public opinion of Catholics and neutrals. The contents of the envelope thus received consist of—first, a long covering letter signed by one "Cæsar Hartbrodt," and addressed from 246, East 19th Street, Brooklyn, L.I., and secondly, a copy, multiplied from typescript, of an elaborate vindication of Germany's action in embarking upon the European War. This document, which runs to over 6,000 words (the equivalent of some fourteen of our pages), is entitled "An Open Letter to the English and French Catholics by a German Catholic," but the author's name is not given. Upon Herr Hartbrodt's epistle I shall have something to say before concluding. For the present I content myself with quoting his final paragraph, which is expressed in the following terms:

If it is your desire to enlist the whole-hearted sympathy of the Catholics in America on the side of the Allies—which, however, is running the other way, as was strikingly apparent from the speeches during the late Catholic Convention in New York—it must be done on purely ethical grounds, viz. by disproving the German contention. To show you along which lines the strongest argument of Germany's advocates runs and in order to enable you effectively to oppose it, I enclose the copy of an Open Letter which had been circulating here recently, thinking that you may deem it worth while to denounce the sophistry of its reasoning, if sophistry it be, in an early issue of THE MONTH. In addressing you these lines I am animated by the desire to assist you in serving the just cause.

It is interesting to learn "along which lines the strongest argument of Germany's advocates runs," and the present writer in particular is glad to accept the challenge and to reply to the plea thus entered. My one regret is that considerations of space preclude me from reproducing the Open Letter *in extenso*. If Herr Hartbrodt would supply the funds

we should be happy to print it unabridged and to distribute it—accompanied *bien entendu* with such a corrective as may be found in the pages which follow. As things stand, however, I can only summarize the line of argument adopted, though it will be my endeavour to set out faithfully and clearly the points upon which most stress is laid.

The anonymous author of the Open Letter (whom for brevity's sake we may in future call "the Apologist") begins his plea by appealing to the declaration of His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. that peace can only be hoped for through "an exchange of ideas, based upon good will and calm deliberation." In contrast to this it is painful, the Apologist tells us, to find a prominent Jesuit preacher declaring that England "would not lay down the sword until the forces of barbarism and irreligion had been routed," or to learn that, according to the formal utterance of some of the most representative of the French clergy, "France in this war is the champion of Justice and Christian civilization." It does not occur to the Apologist to mention that of all the German newspapers the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, the organ of the Catholic Zentrum, has been perhaps the most consistently violent in its language against England, or that Herr Erzberger, a leader of the same party and the selected emissary of the Kaiser to the Holy See, has outstripped all other politicians in the ferocity of his desire to see London bombed out of existence by a fleet of invading Zeppelins.¹ But to continue. The contrast between the attitude of the Pope and that of the clergy of the Entente, we are next informed, suggests the dilemma that either the said clergy are mistaken in their view of the criminality of Germany's procedure, or that the Holy Father in not denouncing the guilt of the Central Powers has scandalously neglected his duty. As every devout and sober-minded Catholic will regard this latter alternative as unthinkable, the Apologist urges the necessity of a re-examination of the causes which originally led to the outbreak of war, alleging further that Catholics of

¹ The article to which I particularly refer was published by Herr Erzberger in *Der Tag*, No. 30, 1915, under a title which may be rendered in English "A Truce to Sentiment." It is satisfactory to know that Herr Erzberger was not granted an audience by the Holy Father on the occasion of his "official" visit to Rome. Any one who wishes for further information about Erzberger's attitude towards the war and towards Catholic authority may be referred to Prüm-Johannet, *La Conversion d'un Catholique Germanophile*, Paris, 1915, Bibliothèque des Ouvrages documentaires, 16 Rue Alphonse-Daudet.

different nationalities, since they have at least some common ground to start from in the principles of a moral teaching which the whole Church recognizes, are best fitted to conduct such an inquiry and to bring it to a reasonable conclusion. We may pass over, at least for the present, certain important admissions made by the writer regarding the net result of the influence exercised by German intellectualism during the last half century. He does not apparently dispute the fact that the tendency has been notably anti-Christian and individualist. He holds, however, and he is very possibly right in holding, that in moral tone and social ideals the German people is better than its self-constituted spokesmen. The vogue of the Max Stirners,¹ the Schopenhauers, the Nietzsches, etc., not to speak of the Treitschkes and the Bernhardis, affords, he contends, a very unreliable indication of the true mind of the nation. One is glad, it may be confessed, to note this indication of a consciousness that the unscrupulous might-is-right policy with which Germany stands charged is in suspicious accord with the principles openly maintained in her dominant philosophy. But the principal issue of course is one of historical fact. The partisans of the Entente, Catholic or otherwise, believe that Germany deliberately and nefariously provoked the war. Those of the Central Powers hold that she was forced into it against her will. Which side is in the right? This is the main question to the solution of which the Apologist devotes himself. We may sum up the contentions upon which most stress is laid and to which most space is given as follows:

i) That Austria's policy was entirely peaceful, that she had long preserved an attitude of forbearance under Servian provocation, but that finally drastic measures were forced upon her by the gradual and persistent development of a deep-laid Pan-Slavist plot to break up the integrity of the empire. The Serajevo assassination was the immediate occasion of her ultimatum to Servia, but the causes lay further back in the racial antagonism of Slav and Teuton which only came to a head in 1914 through the repeated aggressions of the former.

ii) That Austria's ultimatum was still consistent with a

¹ The true name of "Max Stirner," the author of *Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*, was Caspar Schmidt. The book has been translated into English under the title of *The Ego and his Own*.

peaceful solution but that Serbia in her reply refused to give adequate pledges for a radical change in her hostile policy, towards Austria-Hungary, which was the only point really at issue. From these premisses it would follow that the war against Serbia upon which Austria embarked was ethically a just war.

iii) That the Central Powers were in earnest in their efforts to "localise" the conflict, *i.e.*, to confine it to a struggle between Austria and Serbia, but that Russia, pretending that the action of the former was a menace to herself, proceeded to mobilize, at least partially. Still even so she would probably not have gone further, in the teeth of Germany's warning that a general mobilization meant war, were it not that she received on or before July 30th an assurance of the support of both France and Great Britain. Thereupon the whole political situation underwent a sudden change. Russia proclaimed a general mobilization immediately afterwards, Germany declared war, and in four more days the struggle involved not only France but Belgium and the United Kingdom.

The principal feature of interest in the Open Letter which we are discussing is the attempt to substantiate these contentions by certain lengthy quotations from the dispatches sent by Dr. E. J. Dillon when acting as Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in July, 1914. These communications are copiously cited in the little book of J. M. Kennedy, *How the War Began*, published in September, 1914, and it is from this source that the Apologist, as he himself is careful to tell us, has borrowed them. What however he does not tell us is the very important fact that in the most striking of the passages singled out for quotation Dr. Dillon is not advancing opinions with which he necessarily identifies himself, but simply reporting statements of the Austrian point of view which were made to him by friends in high official circles. No doubt Dr. Dillon did to a certain extent believe that there was real foundation for the representations made to him. He was unquestionably convinced before the last week of July, 1914, that the situation between Austria and Serbia was a very serious one. He also declared his own view in unmistakable terms that the quarrel went much deeper than the indignation caused by the murder of the Arch-Duke. A little later on he was persuaded that Austria meant to proceed to extremities unless she obtained prompt and complete satis-

faction, and he seems to have believed that Austria had no wish for war but took action reluctantly on the plea that she could endure an intolerable situation no longer. None the less all the strongest passages and those most emphasized by our Apologist are communicated by Dr. Dillon—not as his own, but as the allegations of the Viennese diplomatists. Let us take for example the first extract made in the Open Letter, in the course of which we encounter such phrases as these:

For many years the Monarchy has been disturbed and disquieted by its small Servian neighbour. . . . Austria-Hungary has given such proofs of her love of peace in the course of the last few years to all Europe that it certainly cannot be thought that she willingly will break into strife with Servia. The foreign policy of Austria-Hungary is directed by the Emperor Francis Joseph, on whom Europe has conferred the honourable title of a lover of peace.

But although these words will appear to every reader of the Open Letter to be Dr. Dillon's own, they in fact form part of a statement, more than a column in length, which is introduced by the following significant explanation:

I have received a very remarkable commentary on the feeling called forth in Austria-Hungary against Servia by the Serajevo outrage from a source closely connected with the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Berchtold.¹ My informant's statement is as follows:

The *Daily Telegraph* of July 14th, 1914, in which the dispatch appeared, prints the whole statement in inverted commas. Mr. Kennedy's book, *How the War Began*, has omitted the inverted commas, but seeing that it retains the short introductory paragraph just quoted, our Apologist's omission to mention that this passage emanated from a high State official at Vienna does not inspire confidence in him as an arbiter on delicate points of Catholic morality. Similarly a little further on Dr. Dillon is represented as stating:

The pith of the matter, then, is this, that Servia . . . is working for ends incompatible with the internal tranquillity of the Hapsburg monarchy. These aims are openly avowed by all political parties and all social classes in the kingdom. The Servian press is the recognised agency of propaganda which have

¹ So the passage is printed in the *Daily Telegraph* itself. But in Mr. Kennedy's reprint Count Berchtold's name is not mentioned but only "one of the highest officials of the State."

for their *ultimate object neither more nor less than the partition of Austria-Hungary*. . . . It is no longer mere prestige that is at stake, it is a *question of life or death for the Monarchy*.

Here again our Apologist, while quoting and italicizing to suit his purpose, unaccountably omits to mention that the whole passage from which these words are borrowed is introduced by Dr. Dillon with the explanation—

I have discussed the entire question in all its bearings with those statesmen whose words are historic acts, and on the strength of what I have thus learned I am able to set forth the Austro-Hungarian case as follows.

And, as if this were not enough, he adds at the conclusion of his report the words: "No discussion will be allowed [he is referring to the ultimatum which Austria had just submitted to Servia]; no extension of time will be granted. Such in outline is the case as stated here."¹

There can be no doubt that this view of the situation was strongly urged upon Dr. Dillon, obviously with the intention that he should transmit it to England. The cost of these telegrams—that just quoted from runs to 2,000 words—must have been very great. One cannot help wondering whether the Austrian Government helped to defray the expenses of this publicity. When "those statesmen whose words are historic acts" (in the telegram of July 11th Count Berchtold, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is expressly named) go out of their way to show particular courtesy to the correspondent of a foreign newspaper and to provide him *à plusieurs reprises* with a lengthy statement of their policy, there is generally some purpose behind this exceptional candour. It is not in such communications that one expects to find the naked truth lying on the surface. And all this took place at a time when our own Foreign Office were complaining that no information of any kind reached them from Vienna of Austria's attitude or intentions.² Whether any ties of blood can have led

¹ This dispatch was written on July 24th, and appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on July 25th.

² See documents in the English White Paper where Sir Edward Grey writes, on July 20th, to Sir Horace Rumbold at Berlin. "I asked the German Ambassador to-day if he had any news of what was going on in Vienna with regard to Servia. He said he had not, but Austria was certainly going to take some step, and he regarded the situation as very uncomfortable. I said that I had not heard anything recently except that Count Berchtold had deprecated the suggestion that the situation was grave."

Dr. Dillon to adopt a sympathetic attitude towards the Dual Monarchy I am unable to say.¹ It would in any case only be natural and decent that a correspondent who was in receipt of privileged information from high quarters should refrain from any strong expression of opinion in opposition to the views of those from whom he hoped to receive further confidences of the same kind. But not very long after Dr. Dillon had taken leave of Austrian soil he began, as we shall see, to express himself much more freely upon subjects which he had previously treated with the utmost reserve.

But what about the justice of the Ultimatum to Servia upon which turns the whole point of the Apologist's contention? Undoubtedly Dr. Dillon, making himself the mouthpiece of Austrian officialdom, reported to the *Daily Telegraph* that the intentions of the Dual Monarchy were peaceable. A passage from his dispatch of July 26th quoted in the Open Letter may well be repeated here, though I will venture to italicize one phrase in it.

I am accurately expounding *the view taken by the Austrian Emperor's responsible advisers* when I affirm that if that object [the abandonment of Servia of her Pan-Slavist policy] could be secured by a spontaneous, sincere and credible declaration, accompanied with corresponding acts of the Servian Government and people, the nine demands embodied in the Note would be withdrawn unhesitatingly.

If for "the view taken by" we substitute "the view expressed by," I can see no reason to quarrel with Dr. Dillon's report. There is absolutely nothing in the evidence cited by the Apologist which tends to invalidate the presentment of the Servian crisis put forward by Lord Grey and in the English Blue Book. The complaint against Austria is, not that she had no just cause to exact reparation from Servia, even if necessary by force of arms, but that she had no business to

¹ It is a somewhat curious fact that both in the official printed Catalogue of the British Museum Library and also in that of the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, his name is entered as Emil Joseph von Dillon. Dr. Dillon certainly published a pamphlet at Leipzig in 1883, *Die Umschreibung der iranischen Sprachen*, in which his name is so printed on the title-page (the fact is confirmed by an entry in Kayser's *Bücher-Lexicon*), and in a paper on the Zendavesta which he presented in German to the Vienna Oriental Congress of 1886, and which was translated into English at Bombay, his name again appears, even in the translation, as Dr. Emil Joseph von Dillon. In *Who's Who* it is stated that "Emile Joseph Dillon" was born in Ireland of an Irish father and an English mother, and that he studied at the Universities of Innsbruck, Leipzig, Tübingen, Petrograd, and Louvain. I do not in the least question Dr. Dillon's whole-hearted adherence to the cause of the Allies, but this conflict of designations is puzzling.

endanger the peace of Europe by creating a situation from which the Slav Kingdom could not extricate herself peacefully without losing every shadow of self-respect. No one who follows the development of the crisis either in the pages of the *Daily Telegraph* or in any other impartial source, will be able to resist the conclusion that the Government of Austria-Hungary deliberately manœuvred to take Serbia by surprise and at a disadvantage. Serbia was not meant to have time to reflect, any more than the highwayman, or for the matter of that the detective, means that the man at whose head he suddenly presents a revolver should have time to reflect. Whether Austria was more highwayman or more detective I do not undertake to say. But it was intended that the younger kingdom should be cowed, and in this process the element of surprise was a very important factor. No one who reads the terms of the Austrian Note can deny its humiliating character. Though Great Britain at this date (July 24th) still preserved the friendliest relations with Austria-Hungary the consternation excited in the English press was universal. The *Daily Telegraph* itself, heedless of the tone of the communications it received from its trusted Vienna correspondent, remarked *inter alia* that—

The issue of this ultimatum, unexampled as it is in the annals of modern diplomacy, as a document transmitted by one independent sovereign to another, has created the utmost anxiety in political circles, where fears are entertained universally that Serbia will find it impossible with due regard to her national dignity to accede to the Austrian demands.¹

The criticisms passed almost everywhere by diplomats and by such press opinion as was exempt from Germanic influence were of the same nature. We are led then to ask why Austria endangered the peace of Europe at this particular moment by a coup of such dramatic suddenness? The answer is ready to hand, and is given with somewhat cynical frankness by Dr. Dillon in a dispatch which the Apologist has unfortunately neglected to incorporate in his Open Letter. Telegraphing from Vienna on July 26th, 1914, *i.e.*, a week before the general outbreak of the great conflagration, the correspondent says:

Vigilant attention was paid (by Austria) to the choice of a propitious moment. It was a moment when the sympathies of Europe were with the Austro-Hungarian people, whose sovereign-designate was cruelly slain by political assassins from Serbia

¹ *Daily Telegraph*, 25, vii. 14, p. 11, col. 4.

at the instigation of men who occupied posts as public servants there. It was a moment when the French nation, impressed by revelations made in the Senate respecting its inadequate preparedness for war, appears less than ever minded to take any diplomatic action which might lead to a breach of the peace. It was a moment when the British Government are absorbed in forecasting and preparing for the fateful consequences of its internal policy, which may, it is apprehended, culminate in civil war. It was a moment when the President and Foreign Secretary of the French Republic were absent in Russia, drinking toasts to the peace of Europe, and celebrating the concord and brotherhood of the French and Russian peoples. It was a moment when Russia herself is confronted with a problem of revolutionary strikes, which, it is assumed, would set in with oceanic violence if that empire were to embark in war with the Central European Powers.

Finally, it was the moment after Servia's friend and mentor, M. de Hartwig, the Russian Minister in Belgrade, had been called to his last account, and King Peter's Ministers were obliged to come to a decision on the merits of the case alone, without M. de Hartwig's counsel, and without being able to reckon with confidence upon any backing, military or even diplomatic.

To imagine, therefore, that the Austro-Hungarian statesmen would deliberately throw away any of the advantages offered by this complex of favourable conditions would be to credit them with a degree of *naïveté* uncommon among public men. The object which the Austrian Emperor's Ministers had in view in presenting the Note, was precisely to elicit a refusal or acceptance pure and simple, not to wrangle about the wording of conditions or diplomatic formulas. The average man in the Dual Monarchy was afraid that the reply might be an acquiescence, and he said so. His hope, which never hardened into belief, was that Baron Giesl would receive a *non possumus* for his answer.

What this amounts to in plain English is that Austria believed she had an unique opportunity of humiliating Servia by demands which at any normal time would have been uncomfortably hazardous. Either Servia should make abject submission, or she had to fight, and if she fought she would probably, so it was hoped, be left to fight alone. But further, as the concluding part of the dispatch makes clear, the average Austrian wanted war,¹ and he wanted it so badly that no thought of the awful consequences which would befall civilization if the conflict spread weighed either with the Dual

¹ This point receives strong confirmation in an admirably moderate, judicious, and well-informed article on the "Responsibility for the War," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* (Nov. 1914), by R. S. Nolan, pp. 982, 983.

Monarchy or with *that far guiltier Power* which all this time was secretly instigating her ally and promising unconditional support whatever might betide.

Our Apologist maintains that on Dr. Dillon's showing the war which Austria embarked upon was a just war.¹ There is an ambiguity here to which it is important to call attention. A war may in a certain loose sense be *just, i.e.*, not unprovoked, but yet it may be wholly wrong in principle and ethically indefensible. The mere existence of injury or outrage even of a very grievous kind is not alone sufficient to justify an appeal to the arbitrament of battle. The circumstances and the possibility of a more peaceful solution must always be considered. There are circumstances under which I am justified in firing on a burglar, but I am not justified in firing if I am likely to hit a dozen innocent people together with, or in place of, the man at whom I am aiming. In such case I am bound to wait, even though delay may involve the likelihood of his getting clear off with his spoil. We were comparing the action of Austria, a few pages back, to that of a highwayman or detective who suddenly produces a revolver. What it is important to note is that the responsibility of his threatening attitude, whether he be highwayman or detective, is enormously increased when he begins flourishing his revolver in the middle of a powder magazine.

It has already been stated that the Open Letter to which I am replying, so far as it offers any novelty when compared with other pro-German apologies of the same order, depends for almost all its evidence as to facts on the dispatches sent from Vienna by Dr. Dillon. Less than a month after the outbreak of hostilities compelled him to leave Vienna, Dr. Dillon wrote an article on the "Causes of the European War" which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for September, 1914. The article is interesting not only for the facts contained in it and for the noteworthy change in the writer's tone, but also for the indirect indication which it affords of the restrictions under which his dispatches from Vienna, or at any rate some of them, had of necessity been penned. Speaking of the last part of his stay in the Austrian capital he says:

¹ He argues that "according to Catholic teaching 'the origin of a just war must be the violation of some right, of some lawful claim or possession and of sufficient importance to warrant the desperate means employed to vindicate it.' Now is there any grosser violation on the part of Serbia conceivable than striving for the partition of Austria-Hungary?" I reply that though we cannot have a just war without the violation of some right, it by no means follows that every grievous violation of such right may be justly visited by a declaration of war.

The next day (July 28th) I sent the following telegraphic message which, despite the special facilities accorded me, was refused by the censor: "It would be a delusion to suppose that Russia will keep the peace while Serbia is undergoing punishment that will reduce her to the rank of a semi-vassal State, and it would be a piece of still greater self-deception to imagine that Germany will not raise her army to its war-footing once the mobilisation order has been issued in St. Petersburg, or will not use that army to the full when it is in the field. And as Austria-Hungary is resolved to have her way with Serbia, and to refuse to render account of her action to any other Power, one is forced to the conclusion that the only possible solution to the present crisis is the much dreaded European war."

This as a piece of criticism of Austria and comment on the situation would seem innocent enough, but the censor would not pass it; and it does not seem extravagant to infer that even at an earlier date, the privileged correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* had by no means felt himself able to express his opinions freely. Writing however for the *Contemporary Review*, and on a friendly soil, he recalls how during recent years in the same magazine he had repeatedly spoken his mind as to the danger to be apprehended from a "well-armed, restless, ill-balanced Germany," and how in particular he had pointed out

that no section of that gifted and enterprising people differs sufficiently in its mode of thought and feeling from any other section to warrant our regarding it as a check upon rash impulse, vengeful aggression or predatory designs; that treaties possess no binding or deterrent force and that friendly conduct on the part of Great Britain or France has no propitiatory effect.¹

In the article now spoken of, written while the incidents of his stay in Vienna must still have been vivid in his memory, Dr. Dillon does not hesitate to throw upon Germany the real responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities.

I travelled [he says] through Germany on my way from Constantinople, and during my journey a few foretokens of what was coming were brought to my cognisance. One of these was the curious circumstance that while the central Berlin Government was in appearance taking endless pains to hold Austria back and hinder the outbreak of war, her Ambassador in Vienna was working strenuously, and doubtless conscientiously, in the contrary direction, egging on, stirring up, widening the gulf which

¹ All this is a quotation from a paper by Dr. Dillon in the *Contemporary Review*, October, 1911, p. 569; cf. *ib.* Jan. 1912, p. 111 and p. 113; May, 1912, p. 623.

he was supposed to be bridging. This, however, was a matter of common knowledge in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg.¹

The section of the article in which this passage occurs is headed "The Voice was the Voice of Austria but the Plan was the Plan of Germany," and Dr. Dillon remarks a few lines earlier that "Austria's plight," *i.e.*, in face of the Slav menace,

was truly desperate, and Germany was resolved to make that the ostensible cause for the war which would render herself mistress of Europe. . . . The assassination of the Archduke offered a splendid pretext. . . . Germany could here play the enviable part of the champion of justice, the guardian of public law and order, the bearer of civilisation.²

So again another section of the article is headed "Austria was the Cat's Paw," and we are told by Dr. Dillon, speaking now entirely in his own person, that "she counted upon her ally being able to hinder Russia's intervention at the outset." More particularly he pledges himself to the truth of a "circumstance which came to my knowledge as a fact, not as a supposition or as an inference, that the Kaiser himself was kept informed of the Austro-Servian quarrel, that the Ultimatum was laid before him in the rough draft, and that, having read it, he made a suggestion to sharpen it which was approved and adopted."³ The Berlin Foreign Office, it is well known, persisted in declaring that they had had no advanced communication of the text of the Ultimatum to Servia.⁴ How far and in what sense this is credible the reader must decide. If it were true we should only be left to infer, with Dr. Dillon, that "the Kaiser was initiated, but not his Government." What is certain is that the German Ambassador in the United States, Count Bernstorff, writing in *The Independent* of New York for September 7, 1914,

¹ Dillon in *Contemporary Review*, September, 1914, p. 318.

² *Contemporary Review*, September, 1914, p. 317.

³ Sir Maurice de Bunsen, British Ambassador at Vienna, telegraphed on July 30th.: "Although I am not able to verify it, I have private information that the German Ambassador knew the text of the Austrian ultimatum to Servia before it was despatched and telegraphed it to the German Emperor." (British Blue Book, No. 96.) On Sept. 1st, he states again "except Herr von Tschirscky (the German Ambassador) who must have been aware of the tenor if not of the actual words of the Note, none of my colleagues were allowed to see through the veil." (Blue Book, No. 161.) The French Ambassador describes von Tschirscky as "the partisan of violent resolutions" (against Servia). (Yellow Book, No. 18.)

⁴ See French Yellow Book, Nos. 30 and 41.

returned a simple "Yes" to the question: "Did Germany approve in advance the Austrian Ultimatum to Serbia?" adding reasons for that approval. Of course no conclusive documentary evidence can yet be produced of the charge that Germany egged on Austria to take a high hand in the Servian entanglement. The proof or disproof is only to be found in the papers of the Auswärtiges Amt at Berlin and the Ministerium des Aeussern at Vienna. But it is certainly a most significant fact that both in the German White Book and in the Austrian Red Book practically nothing has been printed of the correspondence which took place between these two capitals during the crisis. In view of the extraordinary keenness shown by the German Government from the first to justify its action to neutrals by publishing every scrap of evidence that seemed to lend probability to the story officially told,¹ this reluctance is absolutely inexplicable. Both the British and French books are full of the confidential dispatches exchanged between London and Paris, but of the instructions sent from Berlin to Herr von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador in Austria during that critical fortnight July 16th to July 31st, we know literally not one word. On the other hand we learn from a draft plan of campaign for the forces of the Kaiser compiled before the war, which accidentally fell into the hands of the French, that in 1913 the German military authorities seriously doubted whether Austria would, in fact, line up with the German armies in case hostilities broke out with France or Russia.² Count Berchtold was generally believed to be almost fanatical in his aversion to a war or to any provocative policy.³ If this be true, the temptation to force Austria's hand and make *her* quarrel the occasion of that great European conflict for which Germany knew herself to be so well prepared must have been well nigh irresistible. There could be no question of Austria's backing out if the great central Empire had mobilized primarily because her ally was threatened by the armed might of all the Russias. And yet studying the later documents

¹ A whole volume full of extracts from the correspondence found in the Belgian Foreign Office at Brussels has recently been printed by Germany, under the title *Die belgischen Gesandtschaftsberichte aus den Jahren 1905—1914*. The documents are very carefully selected to support a particular thesis. Of the dispatches sent home by the Belgian Minister at Berlin at periods when Belgium grew suspicious of her powerful neighbour and when Germany consequently was profuse in her protestations of unswerving respect for Belgian neutrality not one word is said.

² See *THE MONTH*, Jan. 1915, p. 30.

³ See Nolan in the *Nineteenth Century*, Nov. 1914, pp. 982—983.

in the Blue Book and the Yellow Book it looks very much as if Austria *would* have drawn back at the last moment had she only been left to herself. I do not wish to foment any rancorous hatred of Germany, and I have tried in my own mind to give full weight to the points which tell in her favour, but as the result of a rather minute study of the available documents¹ I have come to the deliberate conclusion that the balance of probabilities points strongly to Germany's culpability in the manner I have specified. The Sarajevo assassination seemed a heaven-sent opportunity of stiffening Austria's limpness by forcing her into a position of acute antagonism to Russia. In the beginning very probably no more than this was aimed at. I do not for a moment believe that, as some pretend, the Kaiser and his Ministers had planned a war which months or years before was timed to begin in August, 1914. But when (while the Servian imbroglio was still hung up and shrouded in mystery, waiting for Austria to declare herself) the crisis in Ireland grew more and more threatening, when the revelations of M. Humbert made known the unpreparedness of the French Army, when labour difficulties arose in St. Petersburg, and many other slight incidents played into their hands, then, as I believe, the Kaiser's responsible Ministers decided that the chance was too good to be allowed to slip. Germany, using Austria as her tool, determined to strike a heavy blow at Russia's prestige in the Balkans, fully conscious that the Government of the Czar would probably not submit to be thus publicly flouted, and prepared accordingly to face the resulting European War which she had long believed to be not only inevitable but desirable. Neither must it be supposed that in this I am attributing a diabolically Machiavellian policy to the Kaiser and his advisers. But when any body of men are persuaded that they constitute a chosen race, entrusted by Heaven with a mission to drill and uplift their benighted fellow creatures throughout the world, it is easy for them to believe that whatever happens has been arranged by Providence in the fitness of things to enable them to fulfil their destiny, even if need be through *Sturm und Drang*.

There are many other points in our Apologist's plea and in the covering letter on which I desire to touch, but for lack of space this must necessarily be deferred to another opportunity.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ I have also read many German discussions of the origin of the war, e.g. those by Federn, Helmolt, Helfferich, Redlich, &c.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

XV. ON THE BRIDGE.

ONE afternoon the Ancient found himself, for the first time in many years, in Paris. *Through* it he had often passed, southward for Italy, or Switzerland, or the Pyrenees; or south-east for Germany; or on his way from England to a French country house: but on all those occasions he had simply driven from one railway-station to another without a pause: it was many, many years since he had walked the Paris streets, or lingered by the Seine, or entered any church, or public building, of the great city.

There is much in Paris that, seen once, is indelible from memory—the island of the Seine, and Notre Dame; the river-front of the Louvre (in spite of Louis Philippe and his L's.), or its inner arms stretched out to the Carrousel; the Place de la Concorde, and the view from it, up the slack bowstring of the Elysées, towards the Arc de Triomphe: but after so long an absence much was forgotten, and there was change enough too.

Standing at the base of the Egyptian Obelisk that marks the death-place of the Monarchy, the Ancient had nothing between him and the Carrousel-Arch but that endless monotone of flat garden which he had known broken by the stark, charred ruin of the Tuileries. With that to his left, there were new palaces to his right, and a new bridge, with grandiose gold and marble boundary-pillars, like huge gate-posts without a gate.

Behind Notre Dame the Ancient had sought out the "little Doric Morgue" and had not found it: in spite of Browning's boasting first line in his small great poem. Now he would go and find something that could hardly need much seeking—the way must be across the new bridge. A very splendid bridge, with more splendid views in every direction from it—up river and down, forwards towards the vast empty space in front of the Invalides, and backward whence the Ancient had come.

Almost everyone crossing it was in uniform: as was he: but many of the others were wounded.

"That certainly," thought the Ancient, "is the Invalides.

There are plenty of domes, but there's no mistaking *that* dome."

He stood still, not for uncertainty, but to take in the wonderful reach of river, and the huge pearls of the buildings shimmering out of a tenuous opaline scarf of mist.

"Is Monsieur seeking a direction?" asked an artillery-man, saluting and smiling.

"Well, you can make my certainty more sure. I am on a little pilgrimage; and the object of my pilgrimage lies, I feel sure, under that golden dome?"

"The Emperor! Oh yes. He is there. That is the Invalides."

He was standing still, and now turned.

"May I go with you, Mon Colonel, and join my homage?" he asked.

English Officers in uniform are not supposed to walk the streets with soldiers: but to say so seemed but a poor response to the lad's eager kindliness, especially as he must know the regulations without reminder.

"The Emperor," said he, "was a little artillery-man himself, and I should think he would like the homage of an English colonel and a French *artiflot* offered together. May I come?"

So they went together. And presently the Ancient knew all about his young guide and companion. François his *nom de baptême*, his age twenty, his home Lyons, where he and his mother kept a little shop together. *La Veuve Gorsse*, her name. Of rather a good family—not noble, mind you, but *bien élevée*; *feu M. Gorsse* dead since François was a baby in the young wife's arms. They were very happy, he and his mother. Of course she had memories—but he had only hopes, and in them her memories had resurrection.

"Is it not wonderful, mon Colonel? *Ces femmes*? they love, and God beckons a little finger to the one they love, and they lose him, and their heart breaks: then they look in their baby's eyes, and read a message, and a mandate, and the baby's tearless eyes dry *their* eyes, tear-drowned, and they gather the broken bits of their hearts and piece them together, and build a temple for the baby to live in, and they live in it too. And Memory lives in it, between them, though the baby only sees her now and then. The baby only has hopes, he. But the mother plaits them and her memories together, until at last all her memories have grown into hopes

too. Is it not? I cannot tell you, my Colonel, how happy we are. We are poor folk; not *very* poor, we have all we need, and enough to help others with: only, all we have we earn. It is more interesting, eh? A piece of bread you earn is a bit of your history. Is it not?"

Over and over again the lad spoke of their happiness: and once, the Ancient, heathenishly, shuddered: as though dreading the eaves-dropping of Nemesis.

A great crowd was passing out of the gates of the Invalides, a greater moving in. One had to go slowly, and still the lad chattered on. His voice was vibrant with life and gaiety, and he smiled again and again for sheer friendly happiness and goodwill. He was very *méridional*; not swarthy at all, or even dark; but small, compactly-knit, all his little figure set on wires, and every gesture a whole sentence every syllable of which was a nerve.

The large, somewhat austere, inner quadrangle was full of people: in one corner were a number of German guns, in another several captured aeroplanes. There was much comment, but low-voiced: no gabble, or shrill chatter. Of the women who looked at the guns most were in mourning: the pressing crowd made way for them, but hardly noticeably. A young widow close to us seemed scarcely to turn her eyes to the guns, but bent them on her tiny son, who leant against her dress. She drew the child away very soon, tearless, with a singular grave dignity in her immovable white face.

"Perhaps one of those things," said François, when she was lost in the crowd, "made her *petit* fatherless. He will not forget. . . ."

To the Ancient it seemed that everyone was doing the same thing: not gabbling, but remembering.

"Yesterday," said François, "I came here, and saw a General give medals. Gallieni, I think; a fine face: a fine man. Slim, lean, like a lean dog that will not tire till he has his teeth in the beast he follows. A soldier all over him. You saw it in his back, in his eyes, in his mouth. There wasn't much talk in his mouth. 'Soldiers,' said he, 'you know what *they* have done' (a finger pointing to those guns); 'how they and others like them have turned French homes into stone-heaps. You know that a *sang impur* stains our land: but your own blood has flowed, and will flow, to erase that foul stain from our soil of France. I am proud that France uses my hands to-day to set near your hearts the

symbol of the maternal gratitude with which her own heart is full towards you and your million comrades. While your heart beats it will keep time with the pulse of the Great Heart of France, and should the signal sound for it to cease to beat, on some other field than that where already France has seen your glory, you will know that in the shrine of Her Heart your name shall be immortal.' "

So they, the Ancient and the widow's young hope, gave themselves to the stream that pressed on, through the dim, gaunt passages of the great hospice of heroes, to the sleeping chamber of the Arch-Hero.

The light there is always unearthly, not pallid, but half-cloistral: a very singular light that seems at every hour to be that of Dawn.

The silence of the place is as poignant as its light: and folds into itself the only sound there ever is, that of reverent feet: for no voice is ever there for Echo to report, but that of Fame; and she stands brooding there, as though her work were done and lay finished in yonder tomb, breathing a name with every pulse of her undying heart.

Out into the spring sunshine the Ancient and his new friend came together.

"You have been there before?" asked the lad.

"Very often. But not for many years. And every time the same shame is on me. Do you know how I, an Englishman, spell shame?"

"How, Monsieur?"

"*Ste. Hélène*. Nothing we can ever do, or write, will alter it. He was never our captive. We never leapt into the sky and caught your Eagle. He flew to us, in the name of our island hospitality: and our hospitality was that rock and its pitiful, vulgar, vexings of his end. I wish Dante had waited to write till he could have put Sir Hudson Lowe in his *Inferno*, with his own name scrawled round his hollow head on a red tape for punishment.

They walked on, and the lad declared that his new friend ought to see the gardens of the Luxembourg—the most delightful spot, said he, in Paris. So thither they went, though the Ancient was very far from thinking those gardens the beauty-spot of Paris. Thence, through the Latin quarter, they walked to the Panthéon, but found it closed. In one of the half-empty streets (the Latinists all gone, I suppose, to

the war) they met two elderly priests making their afternoon promenade. They stood still and looked after the Ancient and the young Lyonnais, smiling kindly.

"Tiens!" said one of them. "That is good to see. *Voilà l'Entente!*"

"*L'Entente Cordiale illustrée*," agreed the other, nodding his head cheerfully, up and down.

The Ancient saluted, and then they took off their big hats and bowed very low. Of course François saluted too.

"Good people those," he observed, when all our little ceremonies were over and we had moved on.

"In England," said the Ancient laughing, "we think all our priests good."

"Oh yes! And we are good Catholics, my mother and I. I was brought up to respect them:—I meant kind, warm-hearted folk, those two. They love soldiers—one could see that—and it pleased them to see a little French soldier walking with an English *militaire*."

"They will put you in their breviaries like an *image*."

"Tant mieux! It is good to have one's name mentioned—up there. My father is there—but perhaps they think 'Oh yes; of course! Fathers will say anything of their only son.'"

Then the lad talked again of his mother, and of a little girl she had adopted.

"That was when I was a young boy," he said, "before I could earn anything. She asked if I minded. For, of course, we hadn't much to spare then. But that *petite* had no one; and my mother longed to take the little helpless one and make a daughter of her. Of course I did not mind. And now she is a big girl, and altogether good. Now that I have had to come away to go to the war my mother has her to comfort her, and is not all alone. I suppose God thought of that all along."

We went into a little quiet café, and had coffee together, and the lad wanted to pay—out of a tiny, lean purse. But the Ancient explained that it was the old person who always did the paying.

It is not necessary to repeat all the young soldier said. He had a very sweet and honest heart, but he was, it seemed, wild; or had been. He thought youth the season of pleasure, and it was not difficult to see that he ran wherever pleasure called.

He did not perceive that his Colonel was something else: he saw only the khaki and the badges, and seemed to have no idea as to the meaning of the little patch of ruddy purple at the throat. So he rattled. And the Ancient, weighing it all, resolved to say nothing: because of something he was resolved to say.

"François," he said at last, "are you going to the front?"

"Yes, my Colonel. To-morrow, or the next day."

"And shall you go to confession first?"

"To confession!"

"Yes. You seem to have been a wild boy: is it long since you confessed yourself?"

"Long! Yes. Many, many years. Not since I was a little boy."

"And you have done much to confess."

"Oh, plenty."

Then he laughed: his laughter ringing out, with frankest merriment.

"Oh you English!" he cried. "Always the same. Always practical! You are Catholic—and the Catholic Church says 'Confess yourself': so you say no more, but do it. It is splendid. But it is not like us other French. We recognize a principle—Yes: not to do that is blind: a want of logic. But you put the principle at once into practice: we not. I am thoroughly Catholic: I believe: I would go to Mass if anyone tried to stop me going. But to confess! Oh you English! I am twenty years old. That is not the season for confession. It is the season for doing the things to confess——"

"When?"

"Plus tard."

"There may be no '*plus tard*.' I have been lately where you go to-morrow or next day. I know what it is like. You cannot know till you see. There you will meet the enemy. You will meet God too, as you have not met Him, perhaps, anywhere before. He gives you *rendezvous*: if you do not keep it you may never meet Him again: never: not in all Eternity."

"My Colonel! my dear friend of one afternoon, are you not solemn?"

"Life is solemn. You will see how solemn when you get where you go to-morrow. You told me just now that the war forced men to think, and that you had put your little

affairs in order. Set your great things in order too. I am sure that is why we met on yonder bridge, and became in a moment friends—that I might tell you this. We are comrades: an old *militaire* and a young: comrades may say to each other all that jumps into their mouths out of their hearts. I am sure you are not angry."

"Angry! No! How could you make me angry? I never saw you till two hours ago, and now I feel as if I had loved you all my life. But what you ask is contrary to all my habits. My mother has asked it a thousand times, and I only kissed her, and laughed, and said 'Maman, I am young yet. Let me alone. I must run about a while.' Only you must not think I am angry."

Again he laughed merrily.

"It is because you are so English that I laugh. And I thought you so wonderfully French. I suppose that is why you do things, you English—because you are so definite: so practical."

"It doesn't seem to me practical, certainly, to set one's small matters in order and leave one's great matters unsettled, in disorder, for chance to arrange. Chance arranges nothing. If you were dying of a sickness you would send for a priest?"

"Bien sûr. I am a good Catholic."

"And you may be dying now: in spite of the sun and gay air, and your strong health, and laughter. Think of it. I will say no more."

The Ancient felt almost sure of one thing—the lad, though he would have listened politely, would have paid no heed at all had he supposed that he was listening to a priest's advice: it would have been a professionalism, mere words of course. Such advice coming from another soldier, though an old one, would have a different appeal: would it have effect as well as weight?

All the rest of the afternoon they spent together: and of that matter of confession no other word was said, though François often broke into a laugh and the Ancient knew he was thinking of it. Almost all the lad's talk was of his home, and of his mother; less often of his adopted sister.

At last he and the Ancient parted.

"Here is my name and my address," said the Ancient, scribbling on a scrap of paper his surname only, *sans titre*, and

the place where he was living. This he folded round a crucifix, and a medal of God's Mother.

"I will write to you," the lad promised, "from the trenches. And this is my mother's address—would you write to her and tell her you saw me, and that I was well, and happy?"

The Ancient promised, and they shook hands and parted, never to meet again here.

Less than a week afterwards the Ancient had a letter from the boy.

"It is all as you said," he wrote. "There were twenty-nine of us, here where I am, when I joined. Nine are killed. But I want at once to tell you something, my Colonel and comrade and friend; the very day I reached this place I found a village church with a priest in it, and I confessed myself, and next morning I received the good God. And, please, send me little crosses, like the one you gave me, and medals of the Holy Virgin, for I want to give them to my comrades. I persuaded nearly all of those nine who are now killed to confess themselves. I will persuade others. What you said is true: God gave me *rendezvous* here: I am glad I did not fail to keep tryst. I suppose that was why you and I met on the bridge. Do write soon, soon, soon. And send me those things. And write to my mother and tell her (though I have told her) that I have done what you asked. She will not be jealous that I should have done for you what I always refused to do for her. She will be *pénétée* with joy. You see women and priests always ask such things, and one smiles and puts it aside: but when another soldier asks it is different: after you had gone away, in Paris on Monday night, I felt very lonely. I wanted to run after you. All Paris seemed empty. And your voice went on in my ears always saying the same thing. And coming up here in the train it was the same. But, though I pretended to myself to laugh at my English Colonel's queer practical ideas, I had (I am sure) given up struggling even before I left Paris. I knew I should do what you asked—but not there. You said God had given me *rendezvous*, here in the battle-field, and I came here knowing I should find Him waiting, and I knew I would have to give in and come to Him. I am very happy. Tomorrow I shall receive the good God again. Write soon, soon, soon. Your little comrade, François."

The Ancient made a fat parcel of crosses, scapulars, rosaries, and medals, and sent it: and of course he wrote. And he wrote to the widowed mother of the boy, and received from her a wonderful letter of joy and gratitude and fear. She said how tender and sweet her lad had always been, how loving and devoted, how hard-working for her, and self-denying, but exuberant with youth and vitality, and, so, wayward; she could find no words to express her deep thankfulness that he had, after so many years' neglect, confessed himself and received Our Lord. But she could hardly think for terror: every moment was a horror of suspense. . . .

Another letter came from the lad, written very soon after the first: full of buoyant hope and courage, and beating (as every French soldier's letters beat) like a pulse, with a passion of love for France. Can the sons of a mother who has never known anything but secure prosperity feel exactly that sort of agony of love and worship? Each separate French heart seems to feel that the wounds in the breast of France, their outraged mother, dealt there by the same enemy before and now, can hardly be healed without the outpouring of its own blood.

Then three weeks passed, and no letter came, and the Ancient's heart sank within him. That François would forget, or be lazy, he knew was not possible. At last he could bear the suspense no longer, and wrote to the lad's Commanding Officer. Between the sending of that letter and the receipt of a reply came one from Lyons, from Madame Gorsse, terror-stricken. She had heard nothing, for near three weeks; had Monsignor heard?

Then came the answer from the Commanding Officer: the young soldier Gorsse had been killed, doing his duty, on such a day, and his comrades had laid his shattered body to rest in the holy ground by the little church of —. The lad's mother had already been told.

To write to her was almost impossible, but not so impossible as not to write. In what words could any writer deal with a sorrow so overwhelming as the Ancient knew hers must be? But to stand silent, for dread and shyness, would be the abyss of selfishness.

The poor woman's answer was hard to read: she was, plainly, heart-broken: and out of her broken heart the words came in an awful cry of agony. That her boy had given his life for France was her pride, but could not yet be her

comfort. I dare not try to say more of that letter—those letters, for many came, and come still.

Does any reader remember a young Savoyard Sergeant whom the Ancient had *soigné* in the hospital at B. in October, 1914? He was in *depôt* at Lyons, and to him the Ancient wrote, asking him to do a very difficult thing.

"I know," he confessed, in asking it, "how hard it is: to bid a young soldier like you go and seek out this stricken mother, to whom you are a stranger, and speak to her in her terrible anguish. But, if you would do that great act of charity, I am sure it would comfort her as nothing else might: just *because* your are, like her son, young and a soldier."

The Ancient was sure he would go: there was something chivalrous and fine in his character (is it *not* in the character of every French soldier?) that would draw him to the side of the lonely mother: the Ancient could picture his *manly*, respectful, sympathy and deep reverence. He did go: and the mother wrote of his visit with a noble appreciation and wonderful depth of gratitude. As for him, his letter was like one written by a man who has just come out of a holy place.

Should any French men or women ever read these papers the writer of them hopes that, with the singular sure instinct of their race, they will find in them a very humble, but very reverent, act of love and veneration for the great heart of the French people.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

"FRENCH-ENGLISH" SCHOOLS IN ONTARIO.

THE decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which affirms the right of the Local Legislature to make whatever rules it thinks fit in respect of the French language in both the public and "separate" schools of Ontario; and confines infringement of the statutory rights and privileges of the Catholic minority to religious belief and practice only,¹ would appear, at first sight, as a complete victory for the "English" Catholic opponents of the French language, and for their allies and supporters the secularists, Orange lodges, and all the other enemies of Catholic religious education. Another decision, however, arising out of a subsidiary but important issue, connected with the main contention, is by no means so favourable to the "English" party as the first. The Ottawa Board of Catholic School Trustees having, as a protest against the Regulation issued by the Ontario Minister of Education concerning the use of the French language, refused to open the schools under their control at the time appointed for doing so, certain "English" members of the Board applied for an injunction to compel them to perform this official duty. This injunction being ignored by the Board of Trustees, an Act was passed by the Local Legislature, *ad hoc*, appointing a Government Commission to manage the Separate Schools, and depriving the legally elected Board of all power and authority indefinitely. This Act, the Judges of the Privy Council have pronounced *ultra vires*, not merely in its exercise, but in its very enactment, basing their decision upon previous Acts defining the rights and competence of Boards of School Trustees.

They added, it must be noted, that, should the Board of Separate School Trustees persist in their refusal to open the primary schools under their control, the Catholic children of Ottawa would come, *ipso facto*, under the terms of the (general) Compulsory Education Act of Ontario, and lose all

¹ See *The Times Law Report*, Nov. 3, 1916.

the rights and privileges ensured to them by the Separate School Act.

That, briefly, is how the controversy stands at the present moment. The Province is confirmed in its right to make such regulations as it may see fit in respect to the use of the French language in all the schools under its jurisdiction, both public and denominational—or even, it would seem, to abolish the use of French altogether—provided it does not openly interfere with the statutory *religious* rights and privileges of the Catholic minority as a whole. On the other hand, the Ottawa Board of Separate School Trustees is reinstated in its powers and authority, with the penalty above indicated, should it fail to exercise them in a manner satisfactory to the Provincial Minister of Education, and his clients, the Orange lodges, the secularists, and the “English” Catholics of Ontario.

I am aware that, in writing as I have done, I lay myself open to charges of prejudice, exaggeration, and of unfair imputation,—at the mildest. My study, however, not merely of the debates in the Canadian Parliament, out of which this appeal arose, but of the whole situation, during a long residence in Canada, has convinced me (and the result of the appeal only confirms the conviction) that the campaign against the use of the French language in the public, and in the Catholic schools of Ontario is, essentially and unquestionably, a campaign against Catholic religious education, and the denominational school system as a whole. I am convinced, that is to say—as has been already indicated in *THE MONTH*¹—that, were the French of Ontario Protestants (or Secularists) instead of “Papists” they would enjoy the use of their language as freely and unreservedly as the Welsh enjoy theirs in Wales. I do not say that all those who favour the compulsory anglicizing of the French minority in Ontario are consciously actuated by hatred of the Catholic faith and of Catholic religious education—not even most of them, and, obviously, not the “English” minority of Ontario Catholics. But there can, I honestly believe, be no manner of doubt that the prime movers in this campaign are so actuated in the most virulent and irreconcilable spirit, and are making use of honest men, Protestant and Catholic alike, to further their own diabolical ends, under the specious pleas of educational efficiency, national harmony, and even of Imperial unity.

¹ See “The Ontario School Controversy,” *THE MONTH*, June, 1916.

In the meantime, while the next move rests with the French of Ontario, it may be permitted to point out, that "you cannot win the good will of a community by trampling on their cherished traditions"—to paraphrase Mr. Lloyd George's famous saying; and that to arouse, in the minds of some two million French Catholics in Quebec the mere suspicion (which events have conspired to confirm) that those of their race, speech, and *faith* are being unjustly dealt with in respect of the former two, because of the last, is not the best means conceivable to promote loyalty, enthusiasm, or recruiting, on behalf of an Imperial Government which, while professing to champion the rights of small and oppressed nationalities, denies in one of its own Provinces, and to its own subjects, the rights and privileges which men of the race affected grant, where power rests with them, as in Quebec, freely, generously and unreservedly to a racial and religious minority.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Francis Joseph.

The indifference with which the world has received the news of the death of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary is a measure of the degree in which the Dual Monarchy has been eclipsed and superseded by Germany. The ascendancy of Prussia dates, of course, from the six weeks' campaign of 1866, during which she humbled Austria to the dust, but only the present war has revealed how vast and degrading it had become. The result is that Austria has no more to say to the conduct of the war than has Bavaria and Saxony: her generals are contemptuously set aside: her soldiers regarded as worthless without a "stiffening" of Germans; she is bankrupt in statesmanship and military prestige. How far the dead Emperor was responsible for this subservience we cannot say: probably, more than any other European monarch, he was at the mercy of his Ministers. At any rate it is a kindness to think so, for Austrian rule over subject nationalities has never been conspicuously Christian; Austrian administration has always tended to Cæsarism in the ecclesiastical and tyranny in the civil sphere; Austrian diplomacy has been marked by a cynical disregard of justice, amounting in recent years to national crime, as when she broke her word to annex Bosnia-Herzegovina and stooped to inspire

Bulgaria in the second Balkan war. Kind, amiable, conscientious, religious, all this the dead Emperor may well have been: it is certain that his personality has been, throughout his long reign, the one unifying force which has bound together the conglomeration of races and nationalities over which he ruled. It may be doubted whether even that influence would have withstood the solvent of defeat.

**Russia and
Poland.**

It was with immense relief that the Allies greeted the recent solemn renewal on the part of Russia of her pledge to undo the secular sin of Europe and restore all the Poles to the exercise of their national rights. The declaration of this intention at the beginning of the war did an immense deal to remove the distrust which the democratic West naturally conceived for that vast and mysterious autocracy, so alien in spirit, so despotic in practice, so deeply stained in the past with crimes against liberty of race and creed. But the conduct of Russia's Cossacks in Galicia during her first campaign of triumph, loyally ignored though it was by the Allied press, yet known, notwithstanding, from neutral sources and deplored by all as the very denial of the Allied ideal, succeeded in stirring up once again the misgivings which her history made so antecedently credible. And, although it was manifestly in her interest to multiply assurances of her honesty, she allowed months and years to slip by in an ominous silence regarding her intentions towards the Poles. And thus the Teutonic Powers, who have Russian Poland in their grasp, have been able to forestall the Tzar's Government. In characteristic fashion, indeed, moved by no regard for the principle of nationality, still less in a spirit of repentance for their own usurpations, Germany and Austria on November 6th proclaimed their intention of creating their conquest at the close of the war an autonomous State under an hereditary constitutional monarch; with a view, as was plain, not only to erecting a future barrier against Russia but also to providing in the present a supply of recruits for their armies. Still Russia was silent, although everything demanded a plain declaration of policy, till finally the necessary stimulus was supplied by the Duma which met on November 14th. In an historic debate the Polish members repudiated the German manifesto in the following significant terms:

They had frequently warned the Russian Government of the dangers threatening Russia and Poland from the German side. The Government had done nothing to confirm the assurances given in the Grand Duke's Proclamation. On the contrary, it had done everything to weaken them and had left many of the restrictions against the Poles in force..

Their total silence had helped the enemy to masquerade as the champion of the Polish nation.

To the same effect, after severe criticism of the general conduct of the Government at home and abroad, spoke the representative of the Majority, M. Shidlovsky.

We cannot remain silent about Poland, and we strongly disapprove of the silence of the Government on this point.

Thus adjured, the Imperial Government at last gave voice, and on November 15th, after formally protesting against the separation of Russian Poland from the Empire, announced that

Russia, since the beginning of the war, has already twice expressed her views on the whole Polish question, and her intention is to create a complete Poland embracing all Polish territories which will enjoy the right, when the war is ended, of freely regulating their national intellectual and economic life on a basis of autonomy under the sovereignty of Russia and of maintaining the principle of a United State. This decision of his gracious Majesty the Emperor remains unshakable.

**Poland, an
International
Question.**

How greatly this too long delayed declaration relieved the tension was evidenced by the immediate response elicited from England and France. Mr. Asquith and M. Briand, without waiting for the adhesion of other Allies, hastened the very next day to welcome and to underscore the Russian decision:

We are profoundly gratified to see that Russia, who at the very outset of the war gave to the peoples dwelling in all the Polish lands assurances in conformity with their immemorial hopes, now thwarts the manœuvres of our enemies and exposes in the full light of day the illusory character of their promises by solemnly renewing the unshakable decision, proclaimed more than two years ago in the name of his Majesty the Emperor, to bring about their autonomy.

The Prime Minister of Italy a day or so later endorsed the sentiments of "his colleagues," and in a further united proclamation the Allies seconded the Russian protest against the breach of international law involved in Germany's disposal of the occupied territory and her consequent purpose of requisitioning its inhabitants for military service. This close harmony of view and object has the advantage of committing all the Allies to the restoration of Poland, which thus does not depend on the will of one man, however "unshakable," but is recognized to be what it really is, an international question. It is good of

the Tzar to promise the reconstruction of the Polish Kingdom, but we are not clear on what grounds is it to be "under the sovereignty of Russia." Russia has no claim to those provinces of Poland which, under the iniquitous partition scheme, are now in Prussian and Austrian hands. When the Teutonic Powers are defeated, it will be the business of the Allies as a whole to settle the conditions of Polish sovereignty. At the same time it is madness for Polish patriots to clamour, as some are doing, for a grant of absolute sovereignty. "Autonomy within the Empire" is at any rate an attainable ideal.

**The Belgian
Deportations.**

We are not much impressed with the protest against Germany's proposed action in regard to Russian Poland "when the war is over."

Apart from the requisitioning of troops from conquered territory, which is wholly unlawful, the mere proclamation of a future intention comes to no more than what the Tzar and the Allies have themselves done in regard to the whole Polish nation. The illegality consists in acting now as if the proclamation already had effect, and as if the Poles were in a position to give free consent. But unscrupulous as is this policy, it is generous and upright compared with the brutal outrages to which the Prussians are again subjecting the helpless Belgian civil population. With that supreme disdain, not only for moral considerations but also for the opinion of civilized mankind which this insolent and atheistic Power has displayed all through the war, the German authorities in Belgium began on October 3rd to subject civilians to that system of forced labour which they had already applied in April to the neighbouring inhabitants, male and female, of the Lille district. That latter iniquity was not persisted in, owing in part to the energetic protests of the Holy See through Cardinal von Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, but the present outrage seems far more deliberate as it is on a larger scale. When the reader remembers that Germany in Belgium is precisely in the position of a robber in a burglarized house, and that every hour she remains there deepens the original infamy of her crime, for she has never ceased trampling upon the national and civil rights of the people, when we reflect that she promised to respect civil liberty and patriotism, and that fugitives were induced to return on the strength of such promises, we may better gauge the criminality of these slave-raids, executed as usual with every circumstance of brutality that a godless soldiery can occasion. It passes our comprehension how any neutrals or even how any Catholics of whatever nationality can read, we don't say the protest of the Belgian Government, able and dignified though it is,¹ but the impassioned and

¹ *The Times*, Nov. 16, 1916.

eloquent Open Letter of Cardinal Mercier on this subject,¹ and fail to see that the foul doctrine that Might is Right is root and basis of all Prussian action in this war. It is that fact that makes a peace which is not dictated to a defeated Germany unthinkable to any of the Allies.

**The German
Mentality.**

An American journalist, Mr. D. Thomas Curtin, in the course of a series of *Times* articles on the present state of Germany, touches on the State-worship, which has been made the foundation of German education to the practical exclusion of the recognition of any higher lawgiver.² To this he rightly ascribes the abnormal criminality of the great German centres of population. Limit the notion of sin to overt crime, and the criminal will naturally abound. Other observers have noted that German nationality was exalted in the schools by a definite inculcation of hatred towards this country.³ Mr. Curtin devotes a chapter to describing the propagation of this unchristian sentiment from the pulpits of the Fatherland, giving horrible specimens of the rancorous spirit exhibited. To our relief he says no word of the Catholic clergy in this connection, and we are glad to think that, just as the millions of German Catholic school-children are not taught to render to Cæsar the things that are God's, so Catholic churches are kept free from scandalous exhortations to race-hatred and military ruthlessness. Yet M. Georges Goyau, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August, quotes a priest, Father Brauns, as announcing from the pulpit that the Creator had given to the Germans special talents and qualities which they should use for the glory of God and the salvation of the world *as its chosen masters*, and if these rights are denied them in exercise they *are justified in enforcing them by the sword*. So inevitably does the over-stimulation of the patriotic instinct result in the negation of Christianity.

**Evil fruits of
Darwinism.**

As we have often urged, this false anti-Christian philosophy is not peculiarly German. It has tainted and poisoned much of the non-Catholic thought of the day and affected not a few ill-instructed Catholics as well. In this lies a peril which may render nugatory the triumph of justice in this war. As long as morality is considered out of place in politics, national and international, as long as the world is thought to be the sport of vast unconscious forces, un-

¹ Now, we believe, obtainable in English.

² A full treatment of this subject will be found in the Irish Review, *Studies*, for December, 1914.

³ Sir H. Reichel in *The Times*, July, 1915, reporting a tour of inspection undertaken in 1911.

controllable by human volition, so long will war be reckoned inevitable and men approach the problem of permanent peace with the prejudice that it is wholly insoluble. The old mentality is terribly prevalent still. In a discussion on Repentance in the *Saturday Review*¹ a "Darwinist" writes, explaining apparently the inefficacy of Anglicanism:

The reason of the eternal antagonism between the Bishops and people is obvious. The law of nature is the survival of the strongest: the Church preaches. . . . "Love your enemies: turn the other cheek when smitten."

This crude pronouncement, which shows equal ignorance of science and Christianity, is typical of the mentality of the pagan multitude around us. "Darwinist" is probably too blind to see that, on his principles, Germany is completely justified, and that the words injustice and barbarism have no meaning. But all through current literature the same philosophy appears more or less plainly. The permanence of armed conflict in the history of the world is taken for granted. Military writers, according to their kind, are discussing future wars with a soulless disregard to the horrors of the present. Statesmen can devise nothing better for protection than the old fatal game of competing armaments. A Japanese journal, for instance, urges the Government, in view of the naval programme of the United States, to attend to the Navy "so that, in both ships and men, Japan may be individually superior to any possible enemy." But alas! the pagan has plenty of Christian example to misguide him in this matter. There is little constructive thought devoted to the subject of national co-operation as a substitute for national rivalry. Unthinking people deride the Hague Conferences because of their proved inability to prevent war, forgetting that it was Prussian militaristic prepossessions that made the Conferences futile. The existence of one evil-disposed and powerful State is enough to keep the whole world in armed unrest unless and until all combine to control it. And wherever the Prussian spirit exists, the determination to secure national advantage at whatever expense of justice, mistrust and disunion necessarily follow.

But Christians, at any rate, should be optimists and scout Darwinism as a political philosophy. It is distressing therefore to find a Christian,

as no doubt the editor of the *Church Quarterly Review*² claims to be, writing this fatalistic stuff:

Ultimately wars arise from the rivalry of nations, the clash of races and the conflicts of ideas.

¹ Nov. 18.

² October, p. 88.

That is undoubtedly true as regards *de facto* causes of war. But then he goes on to generalize:

It is not only the ambition of the Hohenzollerns and the arrogance of the Teuton that have caused this war. There is behind it *the inevitable rivalry* of Slav and Teuton and Latin, the conflict of absolute and democratic ideals and *the struggle of nations for existence*.

The phrases we have italicised betray the Darwinian taint. No one has ever shown that Slav and Teuton and Latin are necessarily rivals, that nations are so incurably hostile that mutual conflict is the only alternative to individual extinction, and, as to conflicts between absolute and democratic ideals, why, Russia is the very type of absolutism, and there is even now much more interference with the most sacred individual rights in France than in Germany. And of course this Christian writer, false to his Christianity, comes to the same hopeless conclusion as the Eastern pagan that there will be many future wars and that we must prepare for them by piling up armaments. If war is inevitable, it is because of the prevalence of these pessimistic prejudices.

The root-causes of war are seen very plainly. **Coal-Miners and Owners.** in a domestic quarrel which may easily so develop as to paralyse our efforts in the international struggle. We mean the threatened disturbance in the South Wales coal-fields. A *Times* correspondent, who has been investigating the sources of the trouble, describes the cause, in almost exactly the same words as he or another correspondent used of the July 1915 strike in the same region, as the rooted and ineradicable belief of the miners

that the Welsh coal-owners have consistently opposed everything that made for the betterment and even the safety of the men by whose labours they live, and that now they are taking advantage of the national emergency to increase their profits by charging extortionate prices for their coal.

Later on, he ascribes this bitter mistrust to the unchristian character of modern industry, which treats the worker as a mere profit-making machine, and has little or no regard for his human personality. The time for this is past.

Subject a fiery and educated people to a soulless dehumanized commercial machine for the extraction of gold out of labour and you will inevitably breed a seething discontent which must somewhere find its outlet.

This then is the situation. The miners, who are not, it is agreed, unpatriotic, demand that their patriotism should not be

exploited by the masters. The latter deny that they are doing so, and they explain that the increased cost of production prevents the grant of a rise in wages. *The Times*, in a powerful leader, headed "The Curse of South Wales,"¹ sums up against the masters, and points out that the only way to avoid a disastrous conflict is for them to *prove* to their employees that they are not making excessive profits. All past industrial history, unfortunately, causes the presumption to be against them. They may clear themselves, as the men suggest, by a public joint audit, or by the means which Lord Rhondda, their leader, is reported himself to have indicated, viz., by giving up *all* their excess profits to the Government. *The Times* correspondent believes "that more than one of the coal-owners would actually welcome such a step that they might be cleared of the odious charge of exploitation and profiteering." Since then the Government has taken control. The above advice is capable of wider application. It is not enough to be upright in purpose and action: anything that gives reasonable grounds for suspicion of injustice should be avoided, if peace, whether industrial or international, is to be maintained.

Freemasonry in Ireland.

A singular side-light was lately thrown upon what is known in Ireland as "Castle Government" by the revelation of the terms of the oath or attestation taken by the Dublin Metropolitan Police. This oath, which dates from 1836, prohibits membership of any "political or secret society *other than the Society of Freemasons*." It may readily be seen in what spirit that oath was framed and what its effect was intended to be. If the clause we have italicized were omitted, the oath would be altogether in the interests of morality. No public official should ever belong to an association the claims of which are liable to conflict with his public duty. Oath-bound associations are emphatically of this character, and the Freemason Society is notorious amongst them all as being essentially anti-civic. Various Governments—the German, the Italian, the Argentine—have banned it precisely on that ground.² Yet it has thus been set in a privileged position amongst the Catholic people of Ireland, with the result that the whole administration is permeated with its members, and few who wish to advance in legal or official circles are strong enough to dispense with its support. What wonder that a Government so influenced is regarded by a Catholic people with utter mistrust. It can hardly be an accidental circumstance, in view of that unrighteous oath, that out of 37 Irish County Inspectors of Police—men on whom the recognition and promo-

¹ Nov. 22.

² See *THE MONTH*, Oct. 1912, p. 423; also *Thirteen Articles on Freemasonry*, by E. R. Hull, S.J. (Sands.)

tion of the rank and file largely depend—only four are Catholics. The framers of the oath, which dates from the heyday of Protestant ascendancy, were not any more solicitous about the integrity of the higher officials, for it had to be renewed by those who attained commissioned rank.

Now that the oath has been publicly exposed, the Government has had no choice but to rescind that most objectionable clause, but it has taken no further steps to purge the higher ranks of the administration of members of this secret oath-bound society which, though it professes mere philanthropy, strikes essentially at the ideal of true citizenship, the equality of all before the law.

**Apologists for
Music Hall
Morality.**

General Smith Dorrien's campaign against indecency on the stage is for the moment in abeyance because of an impending action-in-law instituted by some theatrical managers. But its effects have not ceased, and evidence of its necessity continues to grow. On November 24th the London County Council took away the music and dancing licence of the New Middlesex Theatre, the first time for a century that such a step had been felt to be necessary in London. The abstracts of evidence put before the Committee show how necessary it was. Naturally the "profession" are alarmed at the attempt to purify the music-hall stage and generally to censor the drama. One apologist, Mr. Charles Cochran, after blaming the managers for admitting in general the occurrence of indecency in every theatre but their own, went on to say—"After all vulgarity and indecency were only questions of point of view. If General Smith Dorrien's views were law and he [the speaker] were compelled to alter his performance then he would gladly give up the rôle of theatrical manager."¹ When we remember that the General based his protests on elementary Christian morality we may gather what point of view this particular apologist adopts. A few days later, Mr. H. B. Irving, speaking by invitation in a Protestant church, put the blame on the public. "The English stage [he declared] had been and was the most decent in the world. That was to a large extent because the public had made it so. The stage must always reflect rather than lead the public taste." But is the public taste a homogeneous thing? And if some of the public have no higher ideals than sensual indulgence, must the stage reflect their taste? We can well believe that the stage here is cleaner than in Germany or France. The question is—is it as clean as it ought to be? As it might be? There was no salaciousness about the Gilbert and Sullivan productions. But now everyone knows that incessant official vigilance is necessary to keep theatre and music-hall

¹ *The Times*, Nov. 8.

even at their present level. Remove such restrictions and your modern pagan, so plentifully represented in club and pub, will speedily have his desire.

**Attack on the
Catholic Social
Guild.**

It would be vastly convenient for discussion if every word were always used in a single, definite, unchangeable sense. In Utopia this will be the case; meanwhile, lovers of clear thought avail themselves of adjectives and adverbs to neutralize the ambiguity of nouns. This is too clumsy a process for certain zealous but not over-wise members of the Committee of Catholic Trade Unions, who want the term Socialism to stand always for the same thing, and are indignant with those who, bowing to current usage, write as though it did not. With a portentous dignity, recalling a certain Dogberry, these gentlemen have called upon the Catholic Social Guild to stand and deliver testimony of its orthodoxy in this matter. The Catholic Social Guild will be well-advised to ignore the challenge of these self-appointed censors. It is amenable for the social doctrines it sets forth to the proper ecclesiastical authority: its members and writers are at least as competent to understand Catholic ethics as those who set out to correct them. Founded precisely to combat all that is unsound in current economic teaching and practice, it is particularly careful to draw its inspiration from the best sources; in this particular matter of Socialism, its aim is to transmit the genuine teaching of Pope Leo XIII.—why, then, should it pay any heed to these official and very officious questionings? The Catholic Trade Unionists, many of whom are energetic members of the Guild, are doing splendid work in their own sphere; we are sure that they are not behind this attempt to interfere with other Catholic workers. Moreover the Guild has answered this challenge before: it need not enter upon a barren controversy with ill-informed opponents. The less so, because its defence has already been generously and successfully undertaken by two able writers in the Catholic Press, and because, as it happens, the particular crime laid to its charge—of distinguishing between the various social theories covered by the term Socialism—had almost simultaneously been committed by that eminent prelate, the Bishop of Cork.

The matter would be trivial were it not symptomatic of a certain spirit of heresy-hunting which often breaks out in our Press and wastes valuable energies. One would think that we did not belong to a living, watchful, and infallible Church.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Birth Decline and its Causes : Moral Aspect [T. Slater, S.J., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Nov. 1916, p. 535].

Prayer, Concerning [S. F. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, Nov., p. 415, Dec., p. 516, 1916].

War and the Clergy according to St. Thomas [A. Michel in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Nov. 15, 1916, p. 129].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglicanism and State fetters [*Tablet*, Nov. 25, 1916].

Mentally Defective, Church's care of [J. J. Walsh in *Catholic World*, Nov. 1916, p. 226].

Shaw, G. B., his perversion of Christianity, his caricature of Our Lord, and his travesty of theology [D. A. Lord, S.J., in *America*, Oct. 28, p. 58, Nov. 4, p. 78, Nov. 11, p. 164, 1916].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

American Priests and Foreign Missions [Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Nov., 1916, p. 477].

Catholic Social Guild's Annual Conference [*Universe*, Nov. 3, 1916].

Ireland and France [Pierre Batiffol in *La Croix*, Oct. 20, 1916].

Mexico ; Carranza's tyranny in [*America*, Nov. 11, 1916, p. 114].

Music Halls and Morals [John Cowen in *Contemporary Review*, Nov., 1916, p. 611].

Poland (Russian) under the German yoke [Jules Lebreton in *Etudes*, Nov. 20, 1916, p. 469].

Pope, The, and the European War [*Civiltà Cattolica*, Nov. 18, 1916, p. 44].

Roman Question, The, and the War [L. Glorieux in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Nov. 1 and 15, 1916].

Social Work for Irish Catholic Girls [L. M'Kenna, S.J., in *Irish Monthly*, Nov., 1916, p. 681].

Soloviev : a Russian Newman [Rev. M. V. Ronan in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov., 1916, p. 388].

REVIEWS

I—EDUCATIONAL METHOD¹

WE have the profoundest admiration for those educational methods which, initiated by Dr. Rouse and his colleagues at the Perse School, Cambridge, have spread outwards throughout the country with such beneficent effects. Our admiration is perhaps not disinterested, for undoubtedly the Perse methods owe much to that direct and oral educational method which was traditional in Catholic schools till it was squeezed out, within living memory, by the tyranny of the written examination. It is with special regret, therefore, that we find ourselves unable to agree with the latest Perse manifesto, this short monograph by Mr. W. H. S. Jones. It is an attempt to introduce into the already overcrowded curriculum special lessons in which the ordinary problems of any school subject are to be solved by an elaborate application of "scientific method," which seems to mean the wrapping up common-sense criteria in the jargon of the laboratory, and the complication of simple problems with endless and totally unnecessary quasi-tabular analyses and classifications. The pupil is to discover the meaning of the word "stupid," or find out, in view of the divergence of the evidences, the nature of the agreement arrived at after the battle of the Caudine Forks, or discuss how large towns came to be situated where they are. Now this is just exactly the root of things that the present writer many years ago, under one of the most old-fashioned but most brilliant of teachers, was doing every day and all day long. This, and not cramming, is just what education means. But in those days we knew nothing about "scientific methods." Such a word as "methodology" would have been considered an indecent intrusion into the English language, and "science" consisted in producing offensive smells once a week in a remote corner of the buildings. The business of life lay in the class-teaching of the classics and of history, and in the weekly English and Latin essays; to train the mind to grapple with and to solve problems was a

¹ *Scientific Method in Schools*. By W. H. S. Jones. Cambridge University Press. Pp. iv. 36. Price, 1s. net. 1916.

main purpose of the whole thing, second only to the object of eliciting from the mind original work. It was a discipline at once thorough and direct, as anyone may see who looks at a much-used book of that date, *Latin Prose through English Idiom*. Not merely was it intolerant of false reasoning, but it aimed at that directness, alertness, sureness of touch, which can rapidly survey a problem, isolate its deciding features, and estimate the possibilities in the way of solution. This habit of mind we were to attain by applying our minds to the material, not by erecting scaffolding around it. Now Mr. Jones seems to us simply to be putting the clock back—painful as it is to think such a thing of anyone connected with the Perse School. It would seem that he almost invites the conclusion that "scientific method" is to be the mark of an occasional class-lesson, leaving the bulk of the work to be of a less respectable character intellectually. Of course he does not mean this; but the average boy will think he does, and act accordingly. But what he really, if unintentionally, invites is the substitution of an elaborate machinery of mental scaffolding, of the mechanical kind which people nowadays call "scientific," for directness, alertness of thought. To change the metaphor, if a boy has a sloppy mind, no amount of channelling of his material will give him an accurate one. He must be cured from within and by moral agencies, or not at all. Such a mind-destroying performance as Mr. Jones reproduces on pp. 22—25, the work of a pupil aged seventeen (who excites our sincere pity), is really either futile or superfluous, superfluous if the youth has any powers of constructive thought, futile if not. It would have done less harm to set him five hundred lines, for no boy imagines he is performing great operations of the intellect when writing five hundred lines, whereas it is only too likely that this unfortunate youth, hypnotized by Mr. Jones' long "scientific" words (terminology, he has probably learned to call them), thinks he has accomplished a remarkable piece of research. We remember well, in our hopelessly old-fashioned school-days, reading in class one term a good part of Bacon's *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, not of course as a regular "author," but as a kind of light relief, such as we were accustomed to enjoy in the last hour of afternoon school. We learnt then to think very little of the elaborate mechanisms of "induction," and to prefer that Socratic method which we got from our Plato, and which was

practised daily upon ourselves with results eminently bracing, if sometimes unpleasant in the process of their attainment. We must not conclude without just one practical application of what we have been saying. Mr. Jones' methods recoil on his own head. The voice of the parrot is heard in the land. Not once nor twice, but quite regularly at a certain stage of the "argument" in the model exercises, does this unpardonable vice become apparent. The boy has been told that it is proper to remark, in an inductive argument, that the collection of evidence can rarely be exhaustive. Accordingly, with stolid monotony he remarks it, oblivious of the fact that in certain contexts the thing is so obvious that to remark upon it at all is a stupidity. Just as no amount of "method" will teach boys to think, so no amount of "method" will stop them from writing down formulae. It is the play of mind upon mind, of personality upon personality, that constitutes education, a complex thing, partly of course intellectual, but mostly moral. The debt English education owes to Dr. Rouse and his colleagues is just that they have set this principle in the forefront at a time when all education in our midst seemed in danger of going down under the flood of printed books and written examinations. We regret the present lapse, and wish Mr. Jones a speedy return to the large sanity and bright suggestiveness of his *Via Nova* and *Initium*.

2—THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS¹

THIS edition of *First Corinthians*, consisting of the Revised Version with Introduction and copious notes, belongs to the *Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges*, and comes from the pen of Dr. Parry, the General Editor of the series. It appears to us to have all the virtues—and we have no desire to minimize them—and also all the vices, of the modern university commentary. The get-up, the regular get-up of the series, is extremely good; we wish that a Catholic commentary on the Bible of equal fulness were possible, but the Cambridge Press is sure of a large market, and so can keep the price very low. Then, the philology, the textual

¹ (1) Revised Version. Edited by R. St. John Parry, D.D. Cambridge: at the University Press. Pp. lxxvi. 213. Price, 2s. 6d. net.

(2) *The First Epistle to the Corinthians*: Greek Text. Same Press and Editor. Pp. lxxvii. 284. Price, 4s. 6d. net.

criticism, so far as this latter is called for, and the illustration of minor points are all well done: the writer, too, knows the literature of the subject, so far as this is compatible with a rigid observance of the principle, *Catholica non leguntur*. But when we come to the points that really matter, just where the Catholic commentator is able to plumb the full depth of the Apostle's thought and give a lucid theological exposition, there we find the non-Catholic editor hopelessly at sea, from never having done anything like a course of systematic theology, which would give him his bearings. On most of the points dealt with in the Introduction—marriage, for instance, the Eucharistic feast, the Resurrection—the author does not really expound St. Paul's thought at all, and what little inkling he does give us of it only furnishes him with occasion for cold disapproval. We must avow that we should be sorry to see Catholic students making much use of this book; they can get a far better idea of the great dogmatic issues involved in it from Père Prat's *Théologie de Saint Paul*, and Dr. MacRory's recent edition of I-II Corinthians, and in a simpler and cheaper form in the Westminster Version.

The same general criticisms apply equally to Dr. Parry's edition of the Greek text of the same Epistle, which has reached us since the above was written. It is included in the series *The Cambridge Greek Testament for Schools and Colleges*, and it is the mine from which the smaller volume was quarried. The notes of course give the same exegesis, but are much fuller and go deeper into points of scholarship.

3—LA MÈRE S^{TE}. ANGELE¹

THE general title prefixed to this volume leads us to expect a series of works on the remarkable outburst of reconstructive work which marked the course, and especially the beginnings, of the nineteenth century, and bore witness to the power of God in preserving His Church and renewing her life at times when the world strove its utmost to uproot it. We do not know what works of religious renewal are to be included in this series, but the one before us is a

¹ *Les Œuvres religieuses du XIX^e siècle. Vie de la R. Mère Sainte-Angele, fondatrice de la Congregation des Augustines du Saint-Cœur de Marie.* Par Paul Bernard. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. viii. 360. Price, 3.50 fr. 1916.

good commencement, if it is the commencement, of what is designed. Victoire Letellier, afterwards known in Religion as Mère S^{te}. Angèle, was born at Mortain in Normandy on October 24, 1778. The Ducs d'Orleans were Comtes de Mortain, and M. Louis Letellier, the father of Victoire, was Inspector of the domains of the family in those parts. It was an office that had been practically hereditary in his family, the members of which had all been devoted to the interests of the House of Orleans. But at the time when this story begins the reigning Duc was the notorious Philippe l'Egalité, who showed himself such a traitor alike to his King and to his country, and even gave over his Paris house, the Palais Royal, to be the headquarters of the first of the revolutionary clubs. It was not likely that Mortain would escape from the perquisitions and persecutions that were being made on all sides for the destruction of the clergy and the aristocrats, as soon as the Terror was in full swing, and the Letelliers were among those who had to seek in the woods and hidden places the means of worshipping God in such security as was obtainable, to see moreover many of their friends and neighbours carried off to Paris and handed over to the tender mercies of the *Tribunal révolutionnaire* and by them to the guillotine. But the Terror ended at last with the execution of Robespierre, having however afforded to Victoire stern experiences which formed and tested her character, and prepared her for the career to which Divine Providence had destined her. The times being now somewhat improved, M. Letellier, now a widower, migrated with his two remaining daughters to Saumur, where his elder daughter soon became married, and Victoire, though still only sixteen, became the mistress of his household. For a time she was captivated by the attractions which opening life has for the young girl, attractions however which, innocent as they all were, left a void in her heart. Our Lord was calling her to higher things, and with the aid of a skilful spiritual guide she learnt after a few years of reflection to recognize it, and taking to herself the religious name of Sœur S^{te}. Angèle, entered the Hotel-Dieu de Saumur. This ancient convent, originally an offshoot of the more famous Hotel-Dieu de Paris, was under the care of the Dames Augustines du Très-Saint Cœur de Marie. Its community had been dispersed during the Terror, but several of its members had

now returned to their ancient home. Victoire's noviciate brought into view her sterling qualities and marked her out for the Superiorship to which, after having had a previous experience as Mistress of Novices, she was elected by a unanimous vote in 1823. In this charge she did a fine work in purging the spirit of the nuns from some inevitable defects they had sustained during the days of their dispersion. But trouble was brewing from the revived spirit of the revolution which animated the administrative Civil Council at Saumur, and moved it by petty persecutions to make the life of the devoted staff of the hospital impossible. Eventually the nuns felt it was necessary to seek elsewhere a home where they could follow their religious vocation. The Superior set forth to make inquiries, and after experiences, some of which were very bitter, she undertook, with the full approbation of Mgr. de Quélen, the Archbishop of Paris, to found and carry on a new Convent in the Rue de l'Arbolète at Paris. Learning that before the Revolution there had been a community at Paris where aged or sick persons, young widows, and young girls left without families to protect them could reside, the idea of reviving such an institution fastened strongly on the mind of Mère Ste. Angèle, and Père Varin, who had by now become her spiritual adviser, assured her that this project could be regarded as falling within the sphere of the vows by which she and her community had bound themselves at Saumur. Accordingly the home in the Rue de l'Arbolète was devoted to this work and under God's blessing developed and prospered. The premises, however, were soon outgrown, which led to their migrating to a more ample residence in the Rue de la Santé. There the institute continued to make progress and became one of the prominent institutions of Paris, besides giving birth to similar convents at Nice, and at Gensing Lodge, St. Leonard's, in this country.

This biography is well and brightly written, and presents an interesting picture of the growth of a work which God has signally blessed. Many historical incidents give picturesque to the narrative, but what chiefly stands out is the character of the Foundress herself, essentially one of those "valiant women" who in present as well as in past ages have toiled so effectually for the building up of Catholic works of beneficence.

SHORT NOTICES

ASCETICAL.

SERMONS and Sermon Notes (Longmans : 6s. net) is a noble and touching tribute of one dead Catholic to another. For the sermons are the work of the late Father Basil Maturin, and they are edited, with a brilliant biographical sketch reprinted from the *Dublin Review*, by the late Mr. Wilfrid Ward. And even so, death, which cut off the great preacher in the heyday of his powers, took away the great writer before he had quite finished his work of love, and the volume finally makes its appearance under the care of Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. Concerning the subject-matter of the book, which admirably illustrates what the editor has to say of the singular freshness, psychological insight and eloquence of the preacher, only one of the complete sermons had been revised by Father Maturin himself. The others, including five delivered from Anglican pulpits, are mere newspaper or private reports, and consequently lack the finish and completeness which characterize the written word. The Sermon Notes, selected from a great mass of material, show that the preacher did not write his sermons in full but trusted to his command of language and the inspiration of his theme. Both they and the sermons make admirable spiritual reading, and find a fitting place alongside that slender but precious series of volumes with which Father Maturin enriched Catholic ascetical literature.

A peculiarity about **The Divine Master's Portrait** (Sands and Co. : 1s. 6d. n.) by the Rev. Joseph Degen, is that the Introduction concerns itself with the physical lineaments of the Redeemer as sketched in prophecy and history, whilst the body of the work deals with His moral character. The "portrait" is skilfully depicted by bringing together in short but eloquent chapters the characteristic virtues of our Lord.

DEVOTIONAL.

An aptly-chosen title, **The Prince of Peace** (Washbourne : 2s. 6d. net), introduces a little book of meditations on Advent and Christmas mysteries by Father Alban Goodier, S.J. The author is needlessly diffident about adding another to the many volumes of the sort, for his treatment of the familiar themes is uniformly fresh and suggestive. His aim throughout is to illustrate the wondrous economy of the Incarnation, and to show the divine consistency in dealing with souls.

The name of Father Henry Semple's book—**Heaven open to Souls** (Benziger : \$2.00) was probably suggested by that of an old treatise, better known to our ancestors than to us, viz., *Hell open to Christians*—a volume that aimed at exciting the salutary emotion of fear as a deterrent from sin. Father Semple's purpose is to encourage the complementary virtue of Hope. The human mind is generally so incapable of seeing the spiritual life steadily as a whole that both appeals are always necessary, else hope might degenerate into presumption, and fear beget despair. But of the two it is much more important to cultivate hope, for hope connotes love, and love if it is genuine "casteth out," or does away with the need of, fear. At great length and indeed with some discursiveness, Father Semple traces the workings of the Jansenistic spirit within the Church and its gradual exorcising, until the modern triumph of the great principle that it is easy for a man of good-will to do what he was created for, viz., to love God.

The author's thesis is thus stated : " The Love of God above all things and perfect contrition are easy and common in souls resolved to avoid mortal sin." Given that amount of good-will there is little difficulty, according to the argument, in getting rid of sin and its consequences. Aptly then is the book offered to " All who have Souls to be Cheered and Saved." It is written, for all its learning, in an easy, almost conversational style, with abundance of illustrative anecdote and modern instance.

FICTION.

The practised hand which finds always *le mot juste*, the critical faculty which secures order and proportion, the sense of humour which gives life and buoyancy—all these qualities, natural and acquired, are exhibited in a collection of semi-religious stories to which Miss Enid Dinnis, the author, gives the happy title *God's Fairy Tales* (Sands : 3s. 6d. net). They are intended to illustrate the influence of the supernatural in every-day life, and are a pleasant blend of the two. An excellent book for Christmas and every other season.

Within the compass of some two or three hundred pages, Father Finn, in his latest book, *Cupid of Campion* (Benziger : 85 cents) has crowded a vast collection of thrills which will hold any boy or girl deliciously entranced. And they will meet much to amuse and edify them as well in these cheerful pages.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Shane Leslie's little book—*Verses in Peace and War* (Burns and Oates : 2s. 6d. net) increases in emotion as it advances towards the poems inspired by the war and the death of friends. At first we feared we might have here just pleasant versifying, and especially we dreaded the repeated use of a dactylic rhythm, musical enough and haunting when sung by a supreme expert in sound, like Swinburne, but liable to degenerate into a cantering noise, less delicately used. (However, this very quality is successful in places in, e.g., *Mi-Carême in Connaught*). However, early enough you catch the authentic Irish mysticism, which is never, in this writer's hands, the invertebrate stuff offered us by the 'Cockney culture' derided by him in his *End of a Chapter*. There is a strength and studied lucidness in all real Irish poetry, an implacable quality in its very dramas, which is supremely valuable and slays sick sentiment. Here and there reminiscences are found, but with an added and original element, as when the *Judgment of Paris* tragically re-tells the cynical tale of Maupassant. Father Tabb, and the Greek Anthology, and Herrick, are recalled to us by the clean-cut epitaphs ; and throughout the poems is a sense of curious *worship*, till we are left wondering whether indeed the Magi, long ago, were not emigrants from Ireland.

In the familiar form of letters to friends, a recent convert explains in *The Progress of a Soul* (Washbourne : 2s. 6d. net) some of the steps that led her to the fold and some of her experiences within it. Miss Kate Brock edits the collection, which is also enriched by a commendatory letter from the late Mgr. R. H. Benson and an Introduction by Dom Bede Camm. The expositions are addressed to Agnostic and Nonconformist as well as to Anglican, and manifest a clear grasp of Catholic dogma and a faculty for apt illustration. It should set non-Catholics of good-will thinking.

Miss Fiona McKay has already shown, in *Voices of the Valley*, her skill and discrimination as a spiritual anthologist. A second volume of the

same sort, **The Hills of Contemplation** (Washbourne : 3s. 6d. net) appor-tions several devout reflections from some 160 Saints and Seers and spiritual writers—after the Bible, Crashaw, Faber, Newman, and St-Francis of Sales, are most frequently quoted—to each day, not haphazard but on a plan suggested by the ecclesiastical calendar, illustrating various virtues as spiritual aims. A delightful book for desk or prie-Dieu or boudoir.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

It was an ingenious idea to combine, as has been done in Messrs. Wash-bourne's **Children's Post Card Painting Book of Sacred Art** (price 6d.), training in art and devotion alike. In this publication six famous pictures in colours are reproduced in outline on detachable post-card forms, so that the youthful student may colour them, to the best of his ability. Hints as to procedure are added in each case.

The same firm issue at popular prices some remarkably neat editions of devotional and liturgical books, for instance Challoner's **A Kempis** (1s. cloth and higher prices according to binding), a translation which has never been surpassed and which is here presented in clear double columns, with short Devotions for Mass at the end : the **Office for the Dead** in Latin and English (1s. cloth and upwards) with the new Office for All Souls, and the **Little Office of the Blessed Virgin** (1s. cloth, etc. in Latin and English) according to latest Pontifical decrees.

Messrs. Washbourne's well known **Catholic Diary** has made its appearance for 1917, its ninth year of issue, an invaluable reminder of the Church's varied round of feasts and fasts. Two new volumes of their lengthening "Angelus Series" (1s. net, etc.) are also before us, **Contemplations of the Dread and Love of God**, by Richard Rolle, modernized by Frances M. M. Comper, with notes and a glossary, and **Maxims of Katharine Tynan**, by the compiler of a similar selection from Mgr. Benson's works, arranged for every day of the year.

Recent output of the C.T.S. is confined to penny pamphlets. **Old England and her Church**, by the Rev. V. Hornyold, S.J., is an exposition in catechetical form of the Roman Catholicity of the pre-Reformation English Church, by one who has written more at large upon the subject. **A Catholic at the Front, III.**, is the third of a series of interesting experiences, religious and others, met in France. **War, Loyalty, Defence** : three meditations by the Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P., provide salutary matter for thought for the ill-instructed on such matters. **John**, by Miss Edith Gilbertson, is a reprint of a striking story which appeared in our pages some years ago.

No. 20 of Volume XIV. of the *Catholic Mind* contains a valuable essay by M. P. Dowling, S.J., on the prevalent crime of **Race-Suicide**—that modern pagan attack on the essential purpose of matrimony, which would wreck the family and so society were it not for the leaven of Catholic doctrine in its midst. Also an answer to a very **Old Problem** by E. R. Hull, S.J.—the reconciliation of Divine foreknowledge with God's goodness and man's freedom.

The War and Religion, published by the C.T.S. of Toronto, consists of short and striking reflections on those topics from the pen of a member of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, Mr. W. E. Kerrish.

Benziger's **Catholic Home Annual for 1917** (25 cents) contains the usual statistical information joined with a number of well-illustrated articles, both fictional and informative.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.
The Catholic Mind. Vol. XIV. No. 20. Price, 5 c.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.
La Compagnie de Jésus en France (Tome II). Par Joseph Burnichon, S.J. Pp. 729. Price, 8.50 fr. *Psychologie Pédagogique*. Par J. de la Vaissière, S.J. Pp. xx. 479. Price, 6.0 fr. *Introduction à l'Etude du Merveilleux*. Par Joseph de Tonquédec. Pp. xvi. 461. Price, 5.0 fr.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.
Cupid of Campion. By F. J. Finn, S.J. Pp. 232. Price, 85 cents. *Catholic Home Annual for 1917*. Pp. 86. Price, 25 cents. *Heaven Open to Souls*. By Rev. H. C. Semple, S.J. Pp. 567. Price, \$2.00 net.
- BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.
Pages Actuelles 1914—1916. Nos. 56, 62, 80, 81, 88—90. *Luther, Prophète du Germanisme*. By Henri Massis. Pp. 14.
- BURNS & OATES, London.
Verses in Peace and War. By Shane Leslie. Pp. 30. Price, 2s. 6d.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.
 Several Penny Pamphlets.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Toronto.
The War and Religion. By W. E. Kerrish. Unpaged, unpriced.
- CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA PRESS, Rome.
De Romani Pontificis Munera Pacificandi et Sociandi Nationes. By G. Caferio. Pp. 31. Price, 1 l.
- DENT & SONS, London.
Maxims and Reflections from the Persian. By S. K. Bukpah, M.A. Pp. 86. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- DUCKWORTH, London.
Love Letters under Fire. By John Merton. Pp. vi. 279. Price, 5s. net.
- ERSKINE MACDONALD, London.
Poems of a Mother. 1914—1916.
- FLYNN & Co., Boston.
An Altar Wreath. By Rev. J. G. Daley. Pp. 312. Price, 5s.
- HARRISON & SONS, London.
The Fair Flower of Eden. By M. D. Forrest. 2nd edit. Pp. 155. Price, 3s. net.
- HEATH, CRANTON, LTD., London.
John C. F. S. Day. By One of his Sons. Pp. 232. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Twenty Years' Experience as a Ghost Hunter*. By Elliot O'Donnell. Pp. 282. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *Religionis Ancilla and other Poems*. By H. E. G. Rope. Pp. 84. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- KENEDY & SONS, New York.
God and Man. From the French of Rev. L. Labauche, S.S. Vol. II. Pp. xii. 343. Price, \$1.50.
- LONGMANS, London.
Sermons and Sermon Notes. By Rev. B. W. Maturin. Pp. xxx. 395. Price, 6s. net. *The Real Problem of Eschatology*. By H. Scott Holland. Pp. 35. Price, 6d. net. *Letters of Rev. H. H. Jeffresson*. Edited by Rev. C. E. Lambert, M.A. Pp. xxiii. 277. Price, 4s. 6d. net. *Form and Content of the Christian Tradition*. By W. Sanday, D.D. and N. P. Williams, M.A. Pp. xv. 167. Price, 6s. net. *The Three-Fold Way: an Aid to Conversion*. By Rev. P. B. Bull, M.A. Pp. viii. 180. Price, 2s. net. *Pilgrimage: Poems*. By Eric Shephard. Pp. xii. 100. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- METHUEN, London.
Amore Deus Est. By Charlotte Pearson. Pp. 119. Price, 5s. net.
- SANDS & Co., London.
The Divine Master's Portrait. By Joseph Degen. Pp. vi. 72. Price, 1s. 6d. *Civilisation and Culture*. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. Pp. 202. Price, 2s. net. *God's Fairy Tales*. By E. M. Dinnsis. Pp. 224. Price, 3s. 6d. net.
- S.P.C.K., London.
'Twist the Old and the New. By W. Escott Bloss. Pp. xx. 267. Price, 5s. net. *Report of the Archbishops' Committee on Church and State*. Pp. 128. Price, 6d. net.
- WASHBOURNE, London.
The Prince of Peace. By A. Goodier, S.J. Pp. viii. 143. Price, 2s. net. *Maxims from the Writings of Katharine Tynan*. Pp. vi. 147. Price, 1s. net. *Contemplations on the Dread and Love of God*. Modernized by Francis Comper. Pp. 180. Price, 1s. net. *The Catholic Diary for 1917*. Pp. 400. Price, 1s. 3d. net. *Challoner's Imitation of Christ*. Pp. x. 150. Price, 1s. *Office for the Dead*. Pp. 162. Price, 1s. *Little Office of Our Lady*. Pp. 223. Price, 1s. *Children's Post-Card Painting Book*. Price, 6d. *Catholic Christianity*. By the Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. Pp. xxv. 524. Price, 3s. 6d. net. *The Progress of a Soul*. Edited by K. U. Brock. Pp. xii. 133. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Devil and Devilry*. By W. Lieber. Pp. v. 82. Price, 1s. net. *The Hills of Contemplation*. By Fiona M'Kay. Pp. viii. 453. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

